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IS MODERN ARCHITECTURE ON THE RIGHT TRACK?—A SYMPOSIUM

Contributions by Sir Reginald Blomfield, Charles Holden, Professor A. E. Richardson, W. Curtis Green, E. Maxwell Fry, Frederic Towndrow, M. H. Baillie Scott, Joseph Emberton, Christian Barman and Wells Coates

The Wilberforce Centenary

By His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

Part of a sermon given at Hull on July 23, and broadcast in the National Programme. William Wilberforce, the apostle of the anti-slavery movement, died on July 29, 1833

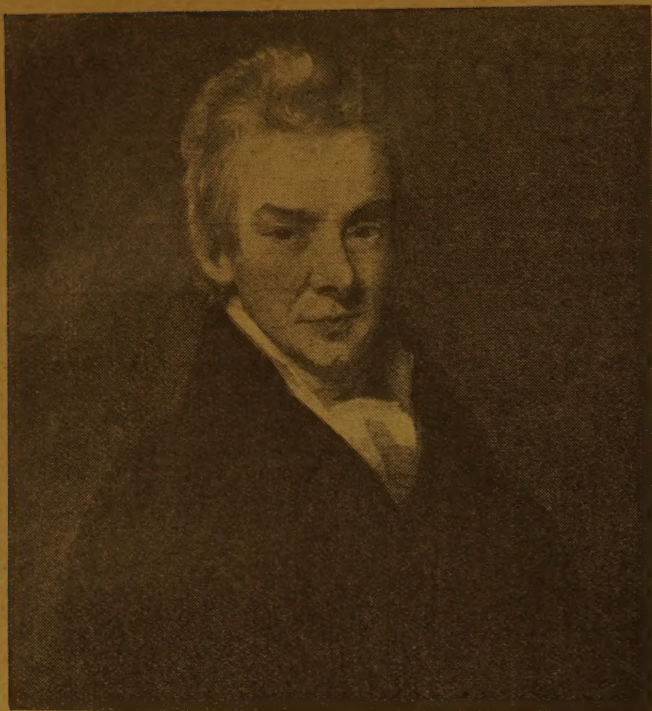
THESE are several distinct kinds of centenary celebration. Sometimes the aim is commemoration of a great man or a great event and nothing more; sometimes the commemoration is intended to recall to mind what is passing out of the public memory, sometimes it is a tribute paid to one who is never for long absent from our thoughts. But besides these variations in the motive which prompts the celebration, there may on some occasions be a consciousness of need to arouse public thought and feeling to new efforts for the completion or the maintenance of the achievement in whose honour the celebration is held. The centenary of the death of Wilberforce and of the abolition of slavery throughout the British Empire belongs to the last category. There is perhaps little fear that the memory of that great event, or of the man who for so long had led the cause which there attained its triumph, will fade from the recollection of Englishmen. We do not recall the memory of Wilberforce because we fear that he may be forgotten. So far as the past is concerned, our celebration is a tribute to a great man's perseverance and final victory, which has no object but the rendering to him of the honour which is his due.

But when we turn to the present and to the future we cannot fail to appreciate the urgent need for vigilance and disinterested zeal, if the gains won by Wilberforce and his

colleagues are to be conserved. And it is good for us, who desire to avoid wastage of our moral inheritance, to go back to the heroes and pioneers in order that as we do them honour we may learn the secret of their power and catch something of their spirit.

The story of the struggle for abolition is one of the great epics of the human spirit. Opposed by strongly entrenched vested interests, overwhelmed for a time by the avalanche of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, baffled by the intractable inertia of public apathy, bewildered by the cynical hypocrisy which enables uninspired religion always to resist the Holy Ghost with a serenely good conscience—Clarkson, Wilberforce, and, in the later stages, Buxton, displayed the perseverance which can only come from deep conviction. And if uninspired religion was one of their chief hindrances, it was inspired religious faith which sustained them in the long effort and the reiterated disappointments. At last they prevailed, not by any kind of force or trickery, but by winning to their side the tardily, but effectively, awakened conscience of their fellow-countrymen.

One way to show honour to prophets is to build their tombs. In the bitterest of His indignant irony Christ speaks of this as completing the act of their martyrdom. And indeed those who are foremost to build tombs for the prophets of the last generation are often also foremost to silence by death or contempt the prophets of their own.



William Wilberforce: portrait by John Russell

If we have any real admiration for Wilberforce, who died on July 29, 1833; as the Bill for the Abolition of Slavery in the British Empire was passing into law, we must be alert to notice the work that is still to do if that great life is to win the full success of the cause to which it was given. Slaves are still captured and sold in some parts of the world, and wherever the institution of slavery appears it still exhibits its degrading characteristics; it still inflicts untold suffering on the slave and deep demoralisation on the slave-owner. It is a crying shame that a hundred years after the Act of Abolition the civilised world has not made a more strenuous and effective effort to remove this disgrace from humanity.

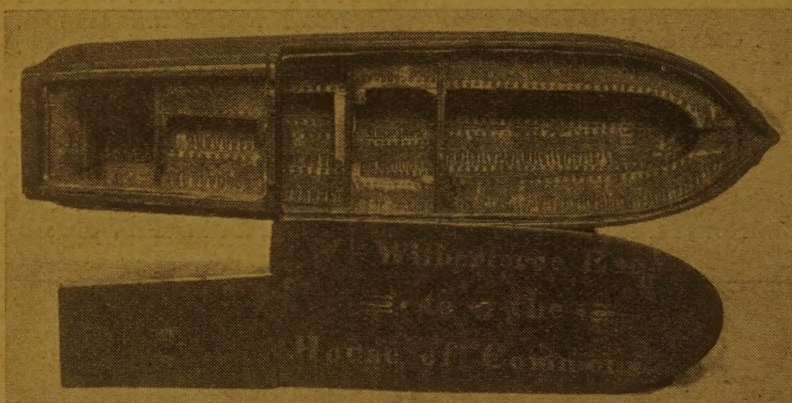
But it is not only slavery in the strict sense of the word that calls for extirpation. The Century of Emancipation is not a century of established human freedom or of universal recognition of the rights of man. Various forms of forced labour to which Europeans have had resort are only removed from slavery by a narrow margin. As we recall the sombre history of the so-called Congo Free State, or the hideous tale of suffering in Putumayo, it becomes impossible to refuse assent to the saying that no cruelty is too great for man to inflict on man in the satisfaction of greed. The problems presented by a mingling of races at different levels of civilisation and culture will always be great; but there are no circumstances which demand so scrupulous an observance of the moral law that humanity must always be treated in all persons as an end in itself and never only as a means to other, or to other men's, ends. If we are to enter the country of primitive peoples to extract the wealth of its soil, we must take care so to do this as to consult and promote their true interests, and never serve ourselves in ways which injure them. And if that criterion be adopted, there are

many pages in the record of all European countries which have responsibilities in Asia and Africa which call for shame and penitence and reform. There is much in our own imperial history of which we may be rightly proud—and chiefly perhaps of the abolition of the slave trade in which, with all its guilt and gain, we had been involved above all others; but this pride is false unless it has, as its obverse, shame for the episodes which express another principle.

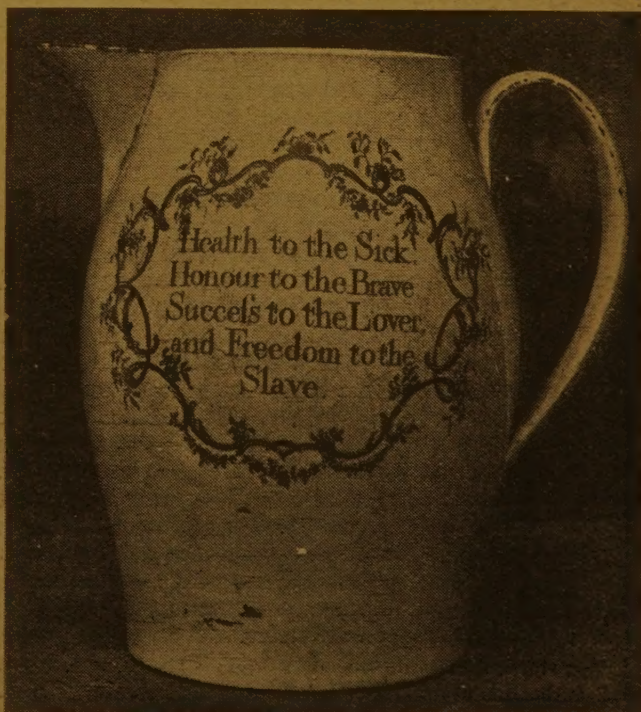
The form of the moral law which was lately quoted is drawn, of course, from Kant. It is the necessary basis of all morality whatsoever. If it is questioned, all morality becomes precarious; if it is denied, all morality is destroyed. Yet it is by no means self-evident. The claim that every human being is to be treated as an end in himself does not rest upon a wide observation of individuals, issuing in a generalisation concerning the ultimate worth of each. I am ready to affirm that in fact it is only credible in the long run if every human being is a child of God, destined for eternal life in the fellowship of God. Of course many atheists and agnostics have held this moral principle and guided their lives by it. But there seems no reason to suppose that the principle can maintain itself except as a corollary of the doctrine of Divine Fatherhood. It is denied by extreme forms of capitalist exploitation; it is denied by militarism; and it is openly repudiated by communism. The immense pressures of the modern

world all tell against it. If it is to survive, it must be in a strength drawn from other sources than those of secular civilisation.

It was from those other sources that Wilberforce drew the strength with which he and his friends overthrew the British slave trade and British slavery. No one doubts that for him the enterprise was a true Crusade—a
(Continued on page 148)



Model which Wilberforce handed round Parliament to show Members how slaves were stowed away for shipment



Liverpool jug of a century ago, showing the public interest taken in the slavery question

Illustrations by courtesy of the Municipal Museums, Hull

*Strong Men of Europe—VII**The Gazi*

By VERNON BARTLETT

ONE of the world's more depressing monuments stands high up above the Golden Horn in the European quarter of what used to be Constantinople and is now Istanbul. It represents the struggle for Turkish freedom under the leadership of one of the most remarkable men alive, Mustafa Kemal, better known as the 'Gazi', or 'Liberator'. On one side there is the Gazi in uniform, leading his men in battle. On the other, the struggle is won, and there he is in a neat European frock-coat in front of all his frock-coated Ministers. In nearly every photograph—on the postage stamps, even—he is portrayed in evening dress. One might think, especially if one remained in Constantinople, that there had been merely an empty victory of European fashions over eastern ones. The men wear the same sort of hats as we do, and the women go unveiled. Was it necessary to have a war and a revolution to achieve that?

But to get an idea of what is happening in Turkey it is absolutely necessary to visit Ankara, the capital. It is easily the most astonishing place I have ever seen, and it helps one to understand the contradictions that strike one immediately on arriving in Turkey.

There is, for example, this insistence upon European dress, and yet the capital has been transferred from Europe to Asia. All the Greeks and most of the Armenians have been pushed out of every part of Turkey, except Istanbul, and yet, despite this dislike of the foreigner, Austrian and German architects are busily putting up modern villas in the Asiatic desert. If I

zerland. There was a train with the usual dining and sleeping cars, and there was a bunch of diplomats to remind me of the night train from Paris to Geneva on the eve of a League of Nations Council meeting. The outside world was a little unusual, but our box on wheels was to all appearances entirely European. The only camels I saw during my time in Turkey



Market-place, Ankara, showing unveiled women and men going about in Western dress E.N.A.

were in Europe. I passed them on my journey from Sofia to Istanbul, and they looked so out of place against a landscape exactly like Salisbury Plain that I still wonder whether they hadn't something to do with some circus.

After fifteen hours, we reached Ankara. On a chocolate-coloured hill is the old town, with all the noises and the smells and the colours that anybody with romantic ideas about the East could possibly desire. The walls that surround it are amazing, for they contain the whole of history. Pieces of Roman columns, slabs of stone inscribed in Greek, sarcophagi, altars—anything hard and solid has been used in building the fortifications against the different enemies that have swept over these sandy hills. The Turks are so proud of all they have done in Ankara since it became their capital that they take little interest in the old town. But you must visit it to contrast it with the new. Nothing has given me greater respect for the achievements of the present Turkish government than the discovery, as I pottered about among the hovels and the houses of this old town, of the half-decayed leg of a horse. A few hundred yards away, at the foot of the hill, is the new town. As I looked out of my window on my first evening there, I saw two European engineers measuring out the length of road they had paved during the day with the help of some very modern



One of the streets in the new town of Ankara—a witness to the achievements of the present Turkish government in roadmaking and lighting E.N.A.

may be permitted an Irishism, I should say that almost the best European architecture of today is in Asia.

You start off on your journey to Ankara by taking a steamer across the Bosphorus to the Asiatic shore, but when I finally landed there I forgot to be thrilled. There was a large new station, rather like some modern station in Germany or Swit-

German machine, and they were as proud of their achievement as any Russians might be of breaking records for their five-year plan. At night I was kept awake by conflicting jazz bands in two rival cafés. There is very little traffic, but at each street corner there is a smart policeman on point duty. There is an enormous modern building, the Ismet Pasha Institute, where

nearly nine hundred girls are learning to design Paris hats and gowns, to write advertisements, to illustrate papers and books, to compete, in fact, with the modern business woman in Europe or the United States. Every hundred yards or so a street sweeper is busy collecting imaginary scraps of rubbish—in the new town. One would imagine that, were he to visit the old town, he would become the centre of an amazed and curious crowd.

Now this building of a modern city in Asia would be astonishing in any circumstances, but it becomes doubly astonishing when all its implications are realised. No country in the world has changed as much as Turkey in the last ten years. Until 1926, when the Swiss Legal Code was adopted, all law was based on the sayings and commands laid down by Muhammad in the seventh century. Since no human figure must be portrayed, there were no statues in Turkey; now there are three of the Gazi (but none, as far as I know, of anybody else) in Ankara alone. A drawing master who allowed his pupils to copy any living object would have been dismissed, and photographers must have done a very poor business; now there are cheap photographers of the sort that you find on the beach in summer at nearly every street corner. The attempt to adapt the Koran to modern life was, of course, a hopeless one, and although civil courts had recently been set up side by side with the religious ones, there was little hope of justice in Turkey before the War. A century ago people wore the most complicated kinds of turban which showed you every man's religion and trade. Sultan Muhammad II was threatened with assassination because he abolished the turban in favour of the fez, but it needed much more courage to abolish the fez in favour of an ordinary hat, since a hat with a brim makes it difficult for its wearer to touch the floor with his forehead when he is praying, and Muhammad orders him to do so. In one way and another, Turkey under the Sultans had become probably the most dangerously backward country in the world.

But now the Sultan and the Kalif have gone, and the harems are silent and deserted except for tourists. The Arabic alphabet, in which the Koran is written, has gone, with astonishing results when you see how the Turks spell European words. Saint George becomes Sen Jorj, and mademoiselle is written matmazel. The fezes and the veils have gone, and in modern Ankara there are so few minarets that one could easily mistake them for the factory chimneys that we associate with our own European cities.

As far as I can see, the trouble about Turkey in the last century or so has been that the man who was Sultan in Constantinople, that is to say, ruler of the Ottoman Empire, was also Kalif of all the Muhammadans. There was constant friction between the religious conception and the national one, and the religious one used to dominate. The palaces at Constantinople were filled with the worst mixture of people in the world—Albanians, Greeks, Armenians, Kurds, Tartars, Slavs, and so on, and when the Young Turks began their nationalistic campaign, they made the mistake of talking about the whole Ottoman Empire instead of only about its purely Turkish inhabitants. Their nationalism encouraged the rival nationalism of the Kurds and the other peoples in the Empire, so that it was weakened instead of being brought closer together.

Among those who had decided before the War that the old system was too corrupt, too cowardly and too lazy to be reformed, was a young officer with piercing, deep-set grey eyes, who was always being sent to remote parts of the Empire to keep him out of mischief. During the War, as British troops who fought against him at the Dardanelles learned to their cost, this young officer, Mustafa Kemal, showed very unusual ability, but he was uncompromising and unpopular, and never received the credit he deserved. It was only after the War, when Constantinople was occupied by Allied troops under a British general, and the Sultan had become merely a puppet in their hands, that he and his friends revolted against the terms of the Treaty of Sèvres. They formed a national government in Asia and defied the world. The Sultan could do nothing against them, but the Greeks, who were to inherit a lot of territory in Anatolia as a result of this Treaty, marched towards Ankara. After a long campaign, and despite difficulties of every kind, Mustafa Kemal drove the Greeks back to the sea and marched to within a mile or two of Constanti-

nople. The Sultan took refuge on a British warship, and about ten years ago Mustafa Kemal, already President of the Great National Assembly in Ankara, became first President of the Turkish Republic.

It was then that the soldier had to become a statesman. Constantinople had been on the western fringe of the Empire, and despite temporary disadvantages some more representative city must take its place. Ankara seems remote enough when you make the journey to it, but there is still more of Turkey to the east than to the west of the capital. The complicated Arabic alphabet was one of the causes why so few people could read or write, and if Turkey was to hold her own in the modern world she must adopt the Latin alphabet, so Mustafa Kemal insisted that all government officials should learn this Latin alphabet, and he was not above appearing at official receptions with a blackboard and putting them through an examination. The veiling of women might be picturesque, but it was incredibly uneconomical, since a Turk had to travel with so many people to protect his wife or wives, and there could be no sensible relationship between the sexes while such a system lasted: Mustafa Kemal horrified the orthodox, not only by encouraging people to go unveiled, but even by dancing with an unveiled girl at a big public function. The fact that every Muhammadan man had to wear a fez led to a dangerous division based on religion between the subjects of the Ottoman Empire, and by appearing in one of the most bigoted parts of Asia Minor in an ordinary European hat, Mustafa Kemal started a change, the social effects of which are enormous. At first fezes were still allowed, but it can easily be imagined that when he got back to Ankara everybody who came to meet him at the station had discovered some sort of European headgear. I am told that some Turks, especially the older ones, still like to put their fezes on when they get back to the safety of their homes, but their sons will not share this same rather queer ambition, and this distinction between the two religions has gone for ever. When the wearing of hats was made compulsory, there was such an outcry in the eastern part of the country that martial law had to be declared and several men were sentenced to death, but now the hat has become a symbol of religious reconciliation.

I had rather expected that the Gazi would be a man who was always strutting about in magnificent uniform, opening new buildings, laying foundation stones, reviewing troops, and so on, but to his own distress the more active part of his job is done. He has put through legislation which does all that legislation can do to make Turkey an entirely modern state, and his job now is to make sure that these laws are carried out. For the greater part of his time—except in summer, when he comes down to Istanbul—he leads a very lonely life in his villa on the hill above Ankara. From time to time, however, one notices that there are more sentries on the road than usual. Suddenly two soldiers on motor cycles come tearing along, followed by a car driven at high speed, and followed by two more cyclists. You may get a glimpse inside the car of the President of the Turkish Republic. I am afraid that I did not manage to interview him, for it takes too long to get an appointment, but I saw more of him than most of his own compatriots do because I happened to be in a building when he visited it, and I was not turned out since I was with an imposing looking dragoman from the British Embassy, and his uniform commanded respect. From all that I had heard of the Gazi, I had expected a man who looked worn out and old. Instead I saw an alert upright man in an ordinary dark blue suit. A man with yellowish hair, deep-set grey-blue eyes, prominent cheek bones and very thin lips. A man in whom I should have complete trust in time of danger, and of whom I should be very alarmed if he were my enemy.

The Gazi's will is law. I suppose dictatorships always become most dangerous when the dictator dies, and the changes that Mustafa Kemal has wrought in Turkey are so great that there must be many Turks who would oppose him if they dare. But even if there were a long period of uncertainty when Mustafa Kemal retires from the political field, he would none the less have justified himself, for whatever happens, owing to his courage and energy, the Turkey of tomorrow will bear no resemblance to the Turkey of yesterday. I would say without much hesitation that the three greatest men who have come to the front during or since the War are Lenin, Mustafa Kemal and Mussolini. And I am not sure that I should not put the Gazi first.

What National Insurance Has Achieved

By the Rt. Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago in this country when a man failed to earn his living owing to circumstances for which he was not responsible—age, ill-health, or failure to obtain employment—there was no provision made by the State to keep him and his family from starvation, except the humiliating machinery of the Poor Law—the workhouse, or, as a favour, a few shillings grudgingly given out of the rates. It was a choice between starvation and degradation, unless charity intervened. The only medical assistance he could command was the Parish Doctor; if he had greater confidence in another he had to pay. That he could not afford.

In 1908 there began a series of measures which have changed all that, and wiped out the shame of such treatment of its workers by the richest nation in Europe. I have been invited to speak here to you, because I had the honour of initiating these proposals.

Twenty-five years ago the Old Age Pension Act gave 5s. a week to workers and their wives who had attained the age of 70. During the War I carried through a proposal that it should be raised to 10s. a week. Since then a further provision has been made by means of insurance for those who attain the age of 65. National provision for ill-health was carried through Parliament in face of fierce opposition in 1911. That opposition continued until the Act came into effective operation in 1913. A formidable strike against the payment of contributions and another amongst doctors to withhold medical aid constituted a part of the resistance. Ultimately it sailed through the tempest into calmer waters and since then there has been no trouble. Provision for unemployment in two or three precarious trades was part of the original plan in 1909. In 1920 that provision was extended to most of the workers of this country.

To come back to Health Insurance, it is difficult to realise now what the condition of things was before the Act was passed. The majority of the working population of this country had no honourable and effective provision against ill-health. In full health most of them could not afford to maintain a family, and, at the same time, either insure or lay by enough of their earnings to meet the demands of sickness. Either their wages were inadequate—more especially amongst the labourers—or employment was too precarious to enable the wage-earners to make and keep up for years a steady weekly contribution.

The difficulty they experienced in doing so is proved by the fact that the majority of them had at one time or another made the effort, and that in twenty years' time five millions of them who had been members of Friendly and kindred Societies had fallen out of insurance because they could not continue to pay their weekly contributions. Moreover, many had paid for years into Societies which had become insolvent, and they were discouraged from making any further effort. Of the six or seven millions that were in some Society or other, the allowance during sickness was, for the most part, a poor pittance. It was welcome, but quite insufficient. Many of them

had no medical attendance provided, or had medical attendance and no sick pay. Sickness meant for most of the working population no money coming in, except a miserable pauper's allowance, no doctor except the parish doctor, and a convalescence and recovery burdened and darkened with debts incurred to provide the necessities of life for the household.

The Societies to which many of them belonged received no contribution from the employer or the State, and all the worker got in the form of benefits was the value of what he himself put in. By the National Health Insurance Act he receives today in benefits two-and-a-half times the value in insurance of what he puts in. In 1911 I promised him 'ninepence for fourpence'. As a matter of fact, he is today receiving tenpence halfpenny for his fourpence. Moreover his benefits are practically guaranteed by the State.

As to medical benefits, when an insured person is ill, he or she can command the attendance of the doctor of his choice. Faith in your doctor is the most potent of drugs. What is still more important is that insured people need not wait for the illness to develop. They can secure medical advice and treatment at the initial and preventive stage, and the fear of running up doctor's bills which would diminish the scanty weekly income on recovery has been eliminated. When illness forbids work there is a weekly allowance which may not be enough, but contributes substantially to the family needs. By the maternity benefit the worker's wife is also helped in the hour of her greatest need and most essential service to the life of the nation. Hospitals have been helped in return for services rendered to insured persons. Institutional treatment of the



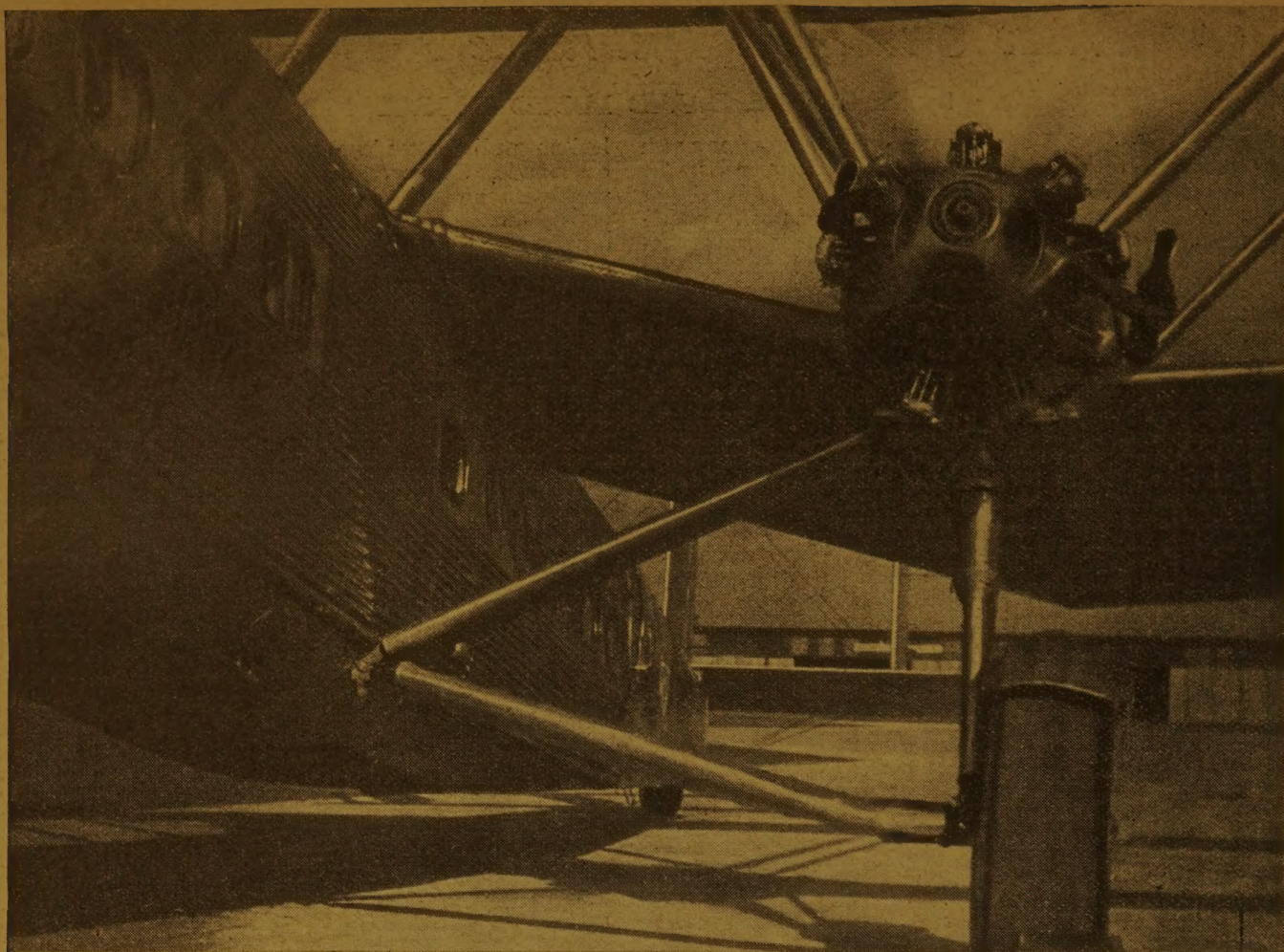
Our St. Sebastian: 'And now, ladies and gentlemen, after these refreshing preliminaries, let us get to business'—a cartoon from *Punch*, July 10, 1912

Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of '*Punch*'

best kind is provided for consumptive workers. The most fruitful, if not the most expensive, service to mankind, which comes out of the insurance fund is due to the fact that it gave the first initial endowment ever provided for medical research into the origin and treatment of diseases. This has been of incalculable advantage to the medical profession, and through them to the nation, and to humanity.

Financially, the scheme has stood the strain of war and protracted unemployment. It has proved to be actuarially sound, and even additional benefits have been conferred out of surpluses. It is acknowledged on all hands that it has improved the health of the working population of this country, by providing for them timely medical aid and by organising a medical service with a direct personal interest and advantage in preventing, rather than in curing, disease.

Best of all it has helped to lift a load of anxiety and misery from millions of stricken households. I will sum up its advantages in the words of a great master of compressed speech—Mr. Asquith. He said: 'This has conferred upon millions of our fellow-countrymen, by the co-operation of State-help and self-help, the greatest alleviation of the risks and sufferings of life that Parliament has ever conferred upon any people'.



Three shots from 'Contact': departure of an air-liner from Croydon—

The Cinema

Making a Documentary Picture

By RALPH KEENE

'Contact' was on the programme of the gala performance of British films recently given to the World Economic Delegates, and will shortly be generally released

IN the light of experience gained from making 'Contact', a film of the Empire's air routes, in which I recently collaborated with Paul Rotha, it may be interesting to note some of the special considerations and problems involved in the making of a documentary*, as distinct from a studio film.

The first stage in the creation of any film is the scenario, but whereas the scenario of a studio film sets out to tell a story, that of a documentary more generally contrives to express an idea or evolve a theme. The scenarist must first decide upon his main theme, and should have the idea that he wishes to express and the mood that he wishes to convey exactly defined in his mind, before ever he writes a word of the script. There is a great temptation to begin by jotting down the incidents, and hope that an idea will somehow grow out of them. But a series of incidents, however beautifully photographed, and however interesting in themselves, will not make a film. This is a fault found in most documentary pictures. They record—accurately, ingeniously, conscientiously—but they do not create.

Unlike his studio counterpart, the director of a documentary film has little or no control over his material. He cannot alter the topography of a city nor change the routine of a factory to suit his film, but must plan his scenario, work out his schedules, and arrange his camera set-ups in accordance with the material available. It will seldom be possible to decide exact shots until the location is reached, and, when this is the case, a pre-conceived shot-for-shot script cannot be written. It is best, then, to plan the scenario as a series of inter-related but more or less elastic units. The idea, mood, and rhythm to be expressed by each should be decided in advance, but not the exact composition or length.

With an up-to-date camera and ultra-rapid stock a passable photograph can be got under almost any conditions, but it is the variability of the weather, rather than the standard, which constitutes the difficulty in this country for out-of-doors shots. Shots in the same sequence must match in tone and quality, and during the shooting of 'Contact' we once had to wait about at Croydon for nearly a fortnight before we could get a picture of an air liner taking-off which was of exactly the quality that we required.

It will therefore be realised that the time factor in making a documentary film is an extremely uncertain and variable one—and, inasmuch as time is always money, and the funds at the disposal of the director strictly limited, it is important that the overhead and running expenses of the unit be kept as low as possible. The wise director, in drawing up his schedule, will allow himself considerable latitude in his time-on-production reckoning—about 50 per cent. more than the time he considers it ought to take to make the picture.

Under studio conditions a scene may be shot again and again until it is right. Not so in documentary, where, if the camera jams or the exposure is wrong, the director may have to wait a considerable time before he gets another chance to photograph the same scene. Sometimes he may get no second chance at all, as was the case when Rotha was flying over the Imperial Airways routes.

It therefore follows that the efficiency of the camera-man and equipment are of primary importance, for on them a very great responsibility rests. The camera-man must be prepared to photograph under all manner of difficult and unusual conditions; to make rapid last-minute adjustments to lens and exposure; and to get it right first time. Moreover, as there will be no story to

*By 'documentary' we mean, broadly speaking, a naturalistic film, made from photographs of real scenes and people, based upon a theme illustrative of current conditions and events

divert the interest, the quality and composition of the shots are of far greater importance than in the ordinary entertainment picture.

The significance given to an inanimate object on the screen depends upon how it is presented. It is in the selection of what aspects of it to show, and what angle, composition, and quality to give to the shots that the chief functions of the director lie. The same machine, or tree, or piece of barbed wire can appear full of meaning and dramatic significance, or it can appear dull and featureless, entirely according to the way in which the director first selects and afterwards joins together his component shots. In documentary, in particular, he must extract the 'story' from his material by this double process of analysis and synthesis.

On the question whether to have titles or a spoken commentary, opinions are still divided, and probably there can be no general ruling. Different subjects call for different treatments, but we feel it is a mistake to conclude that, because the spoken word can now be recorded, it is therefore necessary to hear the sound of the human voice in every film. In the face of a certain amount of criticism, 'Contact' has been made with titles only and with no commentary. A continuous commentary must, on account of the length of the film, have been verbose and tedious; whilst a desultory one would have been awkward and would have interrupted the smooth flow of the picture. But an even greater objection, to our minds, is that the voice of a commentator must necessarily carry with it a personal associative suggestion—whether of bored Oxford, or facetious Elstree, or what—and this would seem to be out of place in conjunction with so imper-



—Head of a Kikuyu native girl—

sonal and thematic a picture as 'Contact'.

We therefore planned the film so that it would explain itself as nearly as possible in terms of moving pictures alone. Titles are used only where absolutely necessary and to assist, rather than to describe, the picture. The titles, moreover, are not static but designed to grow and diminish and move in harmony with the rhythms of the film. In addition there is an accompaniment of music and natural sounds.

Mr. Cecil Lewis said, in a recent broadcast talk, that a director may consider himself lucky if, when a film is finished, he has been able to realise

20 per cent. of the hopes which he had of it—and he was then speaking of studio-made pictures. How much more difficult is it for the director of documentary film to achieve what he set out to do—working under uncertain and often strange conditions, sometimes hundreds of miles from the nearest dark-room so that he is unable to check up on his 'takes' to see whether exposures have been right and cameras functioning properly—having to carry on and keep to strict schedules in spite of sick camera-men, obstinate customs officials, camera-shy 'natural material', over-zealous helpers and inquisitive onlookers. All this and more Rotha had to cope with, at the same time as fulfilling the ordinary functions of a director in selecting and composing his shots and constructing his film. Nevertheless, we hope that the resultant picture, whatever percentage of original intentions it may represent, does succeed in getting across something of the beauty and precision of the aeroplane, something of the poetry of flight, and something of the triumph and romance of the Empire's two great aerial highways. We hope, in fact, that it has created something.



—and view looking towards Mount Longonot, Kenya Colony



The Listener

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Shop-Window

IT was in 1923 that the Prince of Wales remarked that 'I suppose . . . we shall always deserve the concealed compliment implied in our being styled "a Nation of Shopkeepers"'. But we do, I think, justly resent one quite unfair inference which is sometimes drawn from Napoleon's epigram—namely, that because we keep the shop successfully, we totally neglect the shop-window'. Since 1923 a good deal has been done about our national window-dressing and the results of ten years' improvements have lately been presented to the public in very effective and concentrated form, in two exhibitions which have recently closed—British Industrial Art at Dorland Hall, and Advertising and Marketing at Olympia. In these two the art of display was taken as seriously as the quality of the things displayed. The public was not invited to look at objects heaped together in the take-it-or-leave-it way of too many exhibitions. It was not shrieked at by each section in the show to walk up and look, its nerves jangled with the noisy competition of posters, letterings, lay-outs and stalls all determined to attract attention by differing as loudly as possible from their neighbours. At Dorland Hall and at Olympia the public was invited to look at exhibits intelligently displayed, where each section preserved its own character, made its own points, and yet harmonised with those on each side of it.

At Olympia the change in looks reflected a change in purpose, and each marked an improvement. There was little of that well-worn form of advertising which depends on exaggeration, on superlatives and on a belief that the human intelligence is infinitely gullible. There was a general impression that advertising as it is understood now in this country is much less a question of boast than of fact; that instead of persuading people that second-rate is first-rate, or making them passionately wish for something they have only just heard of (where American advertising excels), the best of it is primarily concerned with marketing pure and simple—with making sure that the right people get to hear about the right goods, with clearly stating (and not overstating) the properties of the advertised commodity. (The passion for candour in advertising has, indeed, reached such a pitch in certain quarters that we have even seen an advertisement of a White Elephant Sale where the drawbacks of the articles offered were stated with the most engaging frankness.) There is little difference between the best advertising and the system of National Marks—such advertisement

implies, like the Mark, a certain standard of quality. Now it is this changed purpose that is directly expressed in, and directly responsible for, the improved appearance of our shops, posters and exhibitions. The worst kind of window-dressing is cut out because it is no good for this sort of salesmanship. You see less Gothic lettering, for instance, on shop-fronts and sales catalogues and printed packets—because it is unsuitable for these purposes, giving as it does an impression of disguising the object, of making it appear grander than it really is. Plain bold types with no nonsense about them, such as the various good modern sans-serifs, are now on the increase; for they are admirably fitted to state a fact briefly and pointedly. There are fewer shops each year that think the first duty of showmanship is to cram as much of their stuff as possible into the window; there are more where half-a-dozen objects arranged by someone with a sense of design immediately flash a message of information to the potential buyer.

This whole business of window-dressing in its widest sense is an entertaining example of our useful national habit of reaching a certain goal by the most unexpected route. There is no question that, often inspired by the commendable wish not to be stampeded into liking a thing simply because it is new (as sensible as refusing to like a thing simply because it is old) many people are honestly very bothered by modern tendencies in art towards abstraction and simplification. They bolt and bar the front door against abstract design expressed in painted canvas; but then it comes in at the back in mediums such as window-dressing or tube posters, to which no such violent prejudices are attached—for there is no traditional or classical style of window-dressing or poster-painting which can be invoked to condemn the new. And perhaps the most encouraging thing about such exhibitions as the two we have referred to is the proof they give that artists *are* taking advantage of this state of affairs and are quite willing to adapt themselves to those mediums in which the public likes to take what they have to give. The active Committees of the British Industrial Art and Advertising and Marketing Exhibitions, included such names as C. R. W. Nevinson, Paul Nash, Stanley Morison, John Gloag, Joseph Emberton and Howard Robertson. These are all men of experience and success in their own branches of art. That they should think it worth while to turn their energies for a time to laying out such exhibitions is a conclusive proof that the nation is perfectly capable of producing, and is likely to get, a shop-window worthy of what it has to sell.

Week by Week

THE B.B.C. Summer School for the training of Wireless Group Leaders, which held its first week's session at Oxford from July 15 to 22, enjoyed a stimulating inaugural address from Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton, one of the Governors of the B.B.C., who drew a distinction between the active and passive states of 'listening to' and 'hearing' the broadcast programme. Inattention, she pointed out, was the curse of the present age, and the habit of receiving impressions only superficially made it difficult for us to preserve the enthusiasms which made for mental youth and vigour. In view of this human susceptibility to mental apathy, the use of broadcasting was liable to great risks. It could be used, and had been used in some countries, to assassinate truth; but had not been so used in this country. The movement to form wireless discussion groups provided a means whereby the active spirit of toleration might be disseminated—willingness to listen to and weigh up unpopular or unorthodox opinions as well as accepted doctrines—and this was, fundamentally, the principal safeguard to the continued existence of democracy. 'The good life', continued Mrs. Hamilton, 'is the opportunity of using leisure well'; and perhaps the happiest form of enjoyment of leisure is to be found in the kind of

combination of relaxation and improvement which is offered by so much of the broadcast programme, particularly the talks. The spirit referred to by Mrs. Hamilton was very much in evidence during the remainder of the School's week at Oxford. Although this is now the third year that this School has been held, it is more distinguished than ever by the freshness and keenness of its students, who come from all parts of the country, and are drawn from different classes, ages and occupations. The standard of achievement in the group-leadership practice work was higher than ever before, and the members of the School displayed a great interest, not only in the immediate problems of their work, but in the general development of wireless and such kindred matters as the educational and cultural uses of films and other new problems of adult education. The School also enjoyed visits from Professor Coupland and others of the speakers who are to take part in the forthcoming autumn programme of talks.

* * *

On one side of its work, the London School of Dietetics, recently opened at 22 Chenies Street, W.C.1, resembles the most up-to-date schools of Domestic Science. It caters for men and women who have the business of running canteens in schools, hospitals, welfare centres, etc., and for girls leaving school who want intelligent instruction in how to feed an average household; and it gives them courses in biology, physiology, vitamins and mineral salts, diet tables, dietary calculations, food in health and ill-health, and so on. These courses are supplemented by visits to food factories, to institutions where catering is done on a large scale, and, most important, to such places as Billingsgate, Covent Garden and Smithfield—for good diet is essentially bound up with careful marketing. This ambition, to supplement and illustrate theory with practice, is also realised in the existence, under the same roof as the School of Dietetics, of the Central Research Clinic and the Calorie Café—the particular features which give the School its individual character. It is obvious that instruction in diet for ill-health must, to make its maximum effect, be supplemented by first-hand observation of the results of dieting ill persons; so, as medical students observe disease at first hand in hospitals, students of dietetics will here have the chance to observe among patients at the Clinic the results of diet on various complaints. This, too, is partly the purpose of the Calorie Café, where, indeed, anybody may order a pleasant and well-balanced meal, but where a speciality is made of providing diets for diabetes, rheumatism, slimming and fattening, and of dispensing physicians' dietary prescriptions. Various extensions of the School's activities are being contemplated—notably the establishment of fifty Food Clinics over the country, where advice will be given by expert dieticians who will have a keen idea of current market prices. One such establishment is actually being opened this week at the School itself, where, for half-a-crown, anyone may obtain advice on food in health and food in ill-health—for the latter a letter from the patient's doctor is necessary, to ensure the closest co-operation between every agent concerned in the cure.

* * *

'I suspect that the B.B.C. curses the day when it embarked on this enterprise' remarks a correspondent in a letter printed this week, referring to the B.B.C. Poetry Competition. He goes on to insinuate, with a mixture of questionable logic and facetiousness, that the B.B.C. did not go honestly through the whole 11,000 poems submitted, and that if it had done so it would have produced from the lucky dip not 30 poems of 'interest and merit' but 600. The burden of his complaint is that of this 11,000, only 525 were put before the adjudicators for their final choice (525 seems to him, being roughly 5 per cent. of the total, a particularly sinister figure). 'There is no hint', he says, 'as to how the 525 were chosen'. A little simple reflection might have convinced Mr. Fleming that the 525 were likely to have been chosen because they were considered better than the other 10,475. The preliminary sifting, so far from being of the hand-in-the-bag-and-hope-to-pull-out-a-plum kind that Mr. Fleming suspects, was a long and tedious business that gave a great deal of work to four members of the B.B.C. staff—all of whom might be held to have such a knowledge of English literature as would equip them for this task, which was no more than to eliminate only such contributions as had no vestige of poetic quality or feeling about them. Nothing was rejected that showed even elementary promise;

and it was not the fault of those preliminary selectors that it was only possible to find 525 poems fit to put before the final adjudicators. Indeed, Mr. Fleming might have found obvious proof of the thoroughness with which this part of the work was done in the fact that the final choice had to be delayed three months in order to give the selectors time to do their job properly. But instead he triumphantly produces a proof of careless and unconscientious sorting in a postcard, stamped and addressed, submitted by a friend of his with a request that it should be returned to acknowledge the receipt of the accompanying poem. And—O shameful fact—the card was not returned! But unfortunately for the detective instinct of Mr. Fleming it had been made perfectly clear at the outset of this competition that the work involved in receiving and sifting the poems prevented anything being done in the way of acknowledgment: and there was not the least reason why the friend of Mr. Fleming should be an exception.

* * *

Now for our correspondent's proposition, that if the whole lot of poems had had the careful sorting that he suspects 95 per cent. of them did not get, twenty times as many good poems would have been discovered. Mr. Fleming's reasoning is, in short, that the sum in proportion $30 : 525 = (\text{roughly}) 600 : 11,000$ is as true of poems as of ounces or inches; so he would presumably agree that $600 : 11,000 = 1,200 : 22,000$, and that in order to get a really good number of poems all you need to do is to increase the number of entries. Of course this is absurd, for the simple reason that poems are not equal units like ounces or inches. They are entirely unequal units, obedient to no 'law of averages' such as Mr. Fleming invokes, and nothing in mathematics could have helped the two final judges, or the four preliminary sorters, to find more good poems among the entries than in fact there existed. The general standard of the poems was indeed disappointingly low—a situation of which the organisers and judges of the competition were only too well aware. But the fact that the competitors were not better poets, and that the better poets now writing did not compete, is no warrant for the suggestion that the B.B.C. did not honestly carry out its part in the job instigated by itself.

* * *

Our Scottish correspondent writes: At the P.E.N. Congress held at Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, last month, Mr. Edwin Muir issued on behalf of the Scottish delegation an invitation to the gathering that it should meet in Edinburgh next year, and the suggestion was accepted 'with acclamation'. This is extremely flattering to our national pride and agreeably italicises the significance of our recent breakaway from the dominant London body, but it leaves us with problems as ticklish as those which faced Mr. H. G. Wells when he presided over meetings that had to deal with the relationships between Herr Hitler's Government and German authors, many of whom happen to be Jews. Scotland is a relatively rich country, but the difficulty is to mobilise its wealth for the entertainment of mere scribblers. A group of foreign manufacturers, proposing to set up factories among us, we could do very well indeed, but the literary prophet need not expect overmuch honour from a largely industrialised community. When the Corporation of Edinburgh organised the Scott Centenary celebrations last year, it contrived to forget that Scotland has authors even now alive, and the only writing man to march with the bailies and the Leith Dock Commissioners was Mr. Hugh Walpole. It is nothing less than the truth that no act of high ceremonial can be committed in Scotland without the collaboration of official bodies; and the immediate task of the organisers of the 1934 P.E.N. Congress is to convince people who think mainly in industrial terms that an invasion of people who think in other terms than those of profit and loss will be, nevertheless, a good advertisement. That task is not by any means insuperable—we have our small dreams of becoming another Switzerland—but it is endlessly complicated by our capacity for schism, notably by the fantastic jealousy that prevails as between aloof, eighteenth-century Edinburgh and raw, go-ahead Glasgow. The man who will successfully organise this business will require to be something of a genius, and the announcement of his name is, as this paragraph is being written, eagerly awaited by those of us who feel strongly that next year's celebrations are going to be a vital test of that nationalism we talk so much about.

Modern Architecture for Modern Industry



Chimney-stack of the Battersea Power Station. Architect: Sir Giles Scott

IS MODERN ARCHITECTURE ON THE RIGHT TRACK?

Architecture, which of all the arts lends itself most easily to public criticism, has undergone an admittedly remarkable transformation in the last twenty years. The question which springs uppermost in the minds of those who see great new buildings rising in their midst must be: Are we entering on a new era of great architecture; or, on the other hand, is architecture disappearing as an art, as a result of new constructional methods? We have accordingly asked a number of architectural experts to answer this broad question, which we have tried to translate into the following specific queries:

- (1) *Is the engineer making the architect unnecessary today?*
- (2) *Has functionalism in building gone too far?*
- (3) *Can the English town and city ever properly assimilate the new architecture?*
- (4) *Is the new architecture ugly?*
- (5) *What will the next generation think of the ultra-modern style of present-day buildings, including the ultra-modern home?*
- (6) *Are we likely to evolve in the near future a new style of architectural ornament?*

SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD

SOME of us had hoped that Modern Architecture, having gone off the deep end, might come to the surface again with a clearer vision of what architecture really means, and has always meant hitherto. We realised that the modernists had got rid of a lot of unnecessary trappings, and were making a laudable effort to bring architecture back to its essentials. Unfortunately, they appeared to have an inadequate perception of what those essentials are, and in their zeal for 'functionalism' or whatever they call it, they are simply killing the art of architecture. The art critic of one of our daily papers recently assured its readers that in future professional painters will confine themselves to making patterns, and, following the same line of thought, our modernist architects would seem to limit architecture to factory design.

They are handing over the art to engineers, and greatly as I admire the ability of engineers within their own province, their incapacity in matters of aesthetics is notorious, and indeed is recognised by themselves. The modernists are selling the fust of architecture.

Yet, after all, architecture is an art and from time immemorial it has been regarded as one of the greatest. Beautiful buildings, the Parthenon for instance, the Pantheon, Chartres, or St. Paul's have moved men and women more profoundly than any but the very greatest masterpieces of painting and sculpture; but who is going to be moved, except to resentment, by buildings such as Herr Mendelsohn produces in Germany or M. Corbusier in France, or by buildings of steel and brick that purport to be made of concrete, buildings



Thurso House, Cambridge. Architect: George Checkley

By courtesy of 'The Architect and Building News'

cased in steel and glass, buildings that appear to follow no principle but that of contradicting everything that has ever been done before? I suggest that our modernists are wrong in principle. (1) They definitely ignore the past. They no longer study it, and in this deliberate ignorance it is easy for them to cut adrift, and start afresh on their own. They have some excuse in the nineteenth century, that disastrous interlude in the arts, which, though it had men of genius, undid the work of the eighteenth century, and landed us in our present chaos. But civilisation is far too old and complicated for a clean sweep. It runs back for thousands of years, and in all those years man has been building up certain instinctive preferences or prejudices, if you like, which lie at the back of consciousness. These may be stamped upon for a time, but they will inevitably play their part again, and though our modernist may prefer 'Olympia' to the Parthenon, I do not think that the future will endorse his preference. The modernist asks us to suppress all our acquired and inherited instincts, and hand over our minds to him as a *tabula rasa* on which he is free to write what he likes, but in the first place we are not at all certain that he has anything to write that is worth writing, and in the second place we may prefer to be masters of our own minds. The next generation, or the next but one, will assuredly wipe the slate clean. (2) In the second place the modernist view of architecture, its translation into mere functionalism, is absurdly inadequate as a conception of architecture. Its procedure, apart from merely fashionable imitations of that new

manner as practised on the Continent, appears to be the selection of some one practical condition of the building to be designed, and the sacrifice of everything else to this one element. Light, for example, is wanted in all buildings, therefore the modernist designer fills all one side of his rooms with a window, and not content with this he repeats this feature in a series of horizontal bands from end to end of his facade; and having thus complied with what he takes to be the essential element of his design, rests on his oars and expects us to admire the result. Yet it is inexpressibly tiresome, and ignores the fact that the value of light has to be considered in relation to shade, and that all light is only a degree better than all shade. It is assumed that if a building provides the accommodation required, is lit and aired and stands up and keeps the weather out, this is all that is required of the architect. It is no doubt all that is required in factories, which are the source of inspiration of most modernist build-

ings. But a factory is not a house nor is it a municipal building, nor are the steel tube furniture and the general suggestions of a lavatory in modernist houses pleasant to the eye. The modernist carries his work no further than a stage well within the competence of the engineer, and he leaves off at the very point at which he ought to begin. It is here that I part company with the modernists, not for their dismissal of Gothic tracery and classical orders or meaningless ornament, or for their use of steel and reinforced concrete or any other material suitable for building, but because they insist on our regarding architecture, no longer as an art, but only as a branch of engineering. I do not wonder that at a recent mock trial Mr. Chesterton accused artists of doing their best to madden the world by their quick changes. Fifty years ago it was the fashion to say

that the only way to become an architect was to work with one's own hands; now it is the fashion to say, leave it all to the engineer. A study of history would have broken down either theory, but of the two 'the last state of this man is worse than the first', because it cuts at the very root of architecture, an art of which the aim and ideal is to translate practical conditions into terms of ordered beauty.

These considerations lead me to give the following answers to your questions.

(1) The architect is more than ever necessary, and he should work hand in hand with the engineer, taking over the work where the engineer stops.

(2) Functionalism has gone too far, in that it has misconceived the purpose of architecture, and by turning its back on the past, has deprived

itself of any adequate technique, and is running its head against deep-seated instincts which will beat it in the end.

(3) English towns and cities and our countryside cannot assimilate this new architecture. It is essentially Continental in its origin and inspiration, and it claims as a merit that it is cosmopolitan. As an Englishman and proud of his country, I detest and despise cosmopolitanism.

(4) The new architecture makes no appeal to me except in those cases where the designer shows that he is not wholly unconscious of the great architecture of the past.

(5) What the next generation may think it is impossible to say at the rate we are going; but unless we are heading for chaos, I think the new architecture will go the way of other fashions. What is good in it will be absorbed, and the rest of it relegated to the dustbin.

(6) As to ornament, if the new architecture is really great, it can do without any ornament at all.



St. Saviour's Church, Eltham. Architects: Welch, Cachemaille-Day and Lander



Royal Freemasons' Hospital, Ravenscourt Park. Architects: Sir John Burnet, Tait and Lorne

CHARLES HOLDEN

(1) I WOULD SAY that both the engineer and the architect have a long way to go before either can supplant the other. An engineer who has the imagination to discover the expressive possibilities of his own constructive medium would be a public benefactor; the same applies equally to the architect. Under right conditions the work of the engineer and the architect should be harmonious and not antagonistic.

(2) It depends on what is meant by functionalism; the style or fashion of functionalism, or the principle of functionalism. If the style or fashion, I would say that it will have the life of a fashion and that it will be done to the death by its own devotees; on the other hand the principle of functionalism will never go too far, for it is the vital force behind every great constructive period the world has known—the lintel, the arch, the dome, and the vault. Functionalism, which introduced all these in their turn, will no doubt find a suitable idiom for the girder and the stanchion and for the reinforced concrete frame. That is indeed the exact significance of the present movement in the architectural world.

(3) History shows that the world has assimilated in the past

the various manifestations of the vital principles of functionalism which possessed the structural stability necessary for survival, and I have no doubt that it will continue to do so.

(4) Generally, where the design is true to the constructive principle and where the designer has a real pleasure and pride in every phase of his work, he will not rest content until he has extracted, to the extent of his capacity, all the latent beauty that lies within the scope of his project and in the materials he employs. We need have no fears on the score of ugliness where these conditions obtain.

(5) The next generation will, if it is wise, be looking after its own biological needs. It will, I hope, respect the true and condemn the false irrespective of period or fashion.

(6) History is the best guide and indicates that it may take one hundred years or more to develop any distinctive form of architectural ornament.

An architect needs a long view; I regard the present phase of extreme simplicity as comparable to a piece of ground which is allowed to lie fallow for the benefit of future crops. In the meantime our architecture is gaining in significance by the elimination of non-essentials. Architecture is not embroidery, it fulfils a fundamental human need, and it is in the fulfilling of this need with pride and pleasure in the truthful expression of its various functions that we convert building into a fine art.

To sum up on the broad question, 'Is modern architecture on the right track?' I would say that the architecture of today is in a most interesting state of transition, a state of adventure and of trial and error, maybe, but a state which is healthy and stimulating, and I see no reason for depression.

Truth is the most fruitful source of inspiration; it shows us a road with a destination and with more destinations beyond, to infinity; it will not land us in a *cul-de-sac*.

- (1) Is the engineer making the architect unnecessary today?
- (2) Has functionalism in building gone too far?
- (3) Can the English town and city ever properly assimilate the new architecture?
- (4) Is the new architecture ugly?
- (5) What will the next generation think of the ultra-modern style of present-day buildings, including the ultra-modern home?
- (6) Are we likely to evolve in the near future a new style of architectural ornament?

Professor A. E. RICHARDSON

IN THE LAST CENTURY the conflict of opinion was between architects who favoured classic and those who advocated Gothic. It is now between those who decry and those who affirm engineering. Such controversies may be exciting, but they do not help in the creation of an ideal. It is therefore high time for the public to realise the status of architectural education and the important part the profession serves in everyday matters. For the purposes of this article, time would be well employed discussing the need for reform in the development of towns, or, better still, the elimination of the slums, but that would not be germane to the issue before us. Architecture is not a controlling force; it is an expression of multitudinous facts. Its resultant qualities depend almost entirely on the stimulus it receives from public demands. At the present time only a very small proportion of building work can claim to have architectural value, for the speculative builder and the opportunist have conjointly deceived the public. The issue of the moment is not how to improve the best, but how to prevent a repetition of the non-descript, especially the cheaper, forms of housing. This great difficulty has been partly solved by the architects of Amsterdam and Stockholm, but is not clearly understood by authorities and the public in this country.

The reason for indecision in matters of design is not far to seek. In recent years directing mediocrities have discovered architecture to be a subject for facile pens, and to literary interference has been added the harmful influence of photography. Fashion after fashion has been encouraged and the convenient label 'modernism' has been employed. In the philosophy of building two leading theories are representative; the first is truth, the second is artistry in structure. Within these headings can be included a host of attributes which vary according to the ability of executants. In other words there is no disputing about taste. In so far as it is fashionable, 'modern architecture' is definitely on the wrong track.

While youth favours adventure in design, middle-age profits steadily by experience, and old age is desperately conservative. Meanwhile the mass of humanity is hurled forward by mechanical and economic changes, and misled by the dubious slogan of progress. It is clear that the general motives already mentioned inspire the actions of architects, but thoughtful men hold tight to the precepts of their intensive training, and very rightly so. In actual practice adventure becomes commonsense, experience ripens into genuine artistry and conservatism at least shows care for the future. This process has always been in action; it is inevitable, it is logical and it is true. What then is the position of the architect who is an artist, a planner and capable organiser? He is not likely to hand over his stock-in-trade to the engineer, who is trained on entirely different lines. It can be said that architecture is the chief of the plastic arts; it has a mighty past and a splendid future, and at all times it has filled a great space in the story of humanity. There is no question of a duel between the architect and the engineer; both are highly skilled, both regard co-operation as essential to the success of specific undertakings. But the formula of engineering cannot be applied to every phase of architecture: it would be a monotonous world if this were to be the case. Whatever changes in the social system may occur in the future, architecture will continue to exist, its spirit will be constant, not only to the outlook of the moment but to those abstract and human qualities which have accompanied it through the ages. The engineer today not only recognises the skill of the architect as a deviser, but he is anxious to be a co-executant in the subordination of structural and functional facts to the harmony of an architectural idea. On the Continent, particularly in Germany, it is now realised that 'functionalism' is not everything, and haste is being shown to retrieve false moves. The surest test of architectural effect is the viewpoint of the man-in-the-street, which is seldom taken into account. The average man and woman have grown accustomed to reverence ancient buildings; they admire the aspect of old towns and villages. The venerable cathedrals and parish churches appeal to the intuitive sense of English people. On this account also it is doubtful whether undue disturbance of pictorial values by cubist designs will find favour. By all means let us have up-to-date buildings, by all means let us encourage invention; but there is the responsibility of maintaining artistic harmony. Why not take a lesson from Amsterdam and construct entirely new quarters while preserving the best of existing amenities? In all my travels I have never encountered finer modern buildings than those at Stockholm. Here the new working-class flats are models of good taste. They are spaci-ously

arranged; they are free from unnecessary ornament, and without exception they are delightful to look upon. The Swedish architects are neither dull nor extravagant. They have not sought for a newer form of architectural ornament, they have not buried tradition nor ignored the claims of structural truth. In Stockholm the merits of brick and stone have obtained equal recognition with the employment of reinforced concrete. There is almost a total absence of advertisements, and the litter of commerce is reduced to a minimum. Is it too much to hope for similar changes in England?

To my way of thinking the chief trouble before the learned societies and educational bodies is neither the direction of architectural taste nor the encouragement of involved thinking, but the emancipation of democracy from the enormities of shoddy building. Better by far the universal adoption of concrete for terrace groups in the suburbs than the serrations of 'mock' Tudor which perpetuate Victorian snobbery.

W. CURTIS GREEN

THAT THIS QUESTION IS BEING DISCUSSED by a journal so widely read as THE LISTENER is evidence of an awakening interest in architecture, an art that, in spite of neglect and apathy, is very much alive today, within very confined limits.

It is probably true that some ninety per cent. of the building of today has no affinity with architecture. It is merely building: some of it may be quite good building, it may even be the work of legally qualified architects, but that does not in itself lift it into the realm of architecture. Architecture is building *plus* that finer quality that comes from descent from and kinship with the ages. It is an affair of the spirit, the carrying on of the tradition of a living art. It is not only the satisfying of the material needs, but of the intellectual and spiritual aspirations of mankind.

It is also probably true that there can be no such thing as 'new' architecture, except in so far as it can be true that a man can be a 'new' man. To say that is to say that a man has suddenly been enlightened and sees the purpose of life for the first time. Such an awakening may be happening; it is devoutly to be hoped for, and there is evidence of a stirring of the dry bones among many of the younger and more vital of our architects. The trouble is that these men are so seldom employed. The great public who

build are for the most part unaware that there is no economic reason for their money to be spent on ugly and uninspiring building. They do not realise that their houses, their churches, their schools, their offices, their public buildings, could all be additions to the commonwealth, adding beauty and enjoyment to everyday life, instead of being the reproach and eyesore that most building is today. To build with the right materials intelligently costs no more than to build with the wrong ones without proper guidance. The engineer can never make the architect unnecessary. Where the engineering problem is the dominant one the architect is still necessary. The great Power Station at Battersea has, by the intelligent co-operation of the architect, Sir Giles Scott, with the engineers, been transformed into something that gives pleasure by its dignity and expression of power. Reinforced concrete, one of the most recent and useful contributions to modern building, the highly skilled work of engineers, makes building generally of the most depressing character, unless it be controlled and modelled by the architect. The engineer by training and by the necessity of his calling is preoccupied with structure and the material side of building. The architect by his calling weaves together material things, the work of scientists, engineers, and craftsmen, so that they may supply the needs and bring harmony and comfort of mind and body out of the complexities of modern life. And here is the danger of the tendency to be in the fashion: each created thing is new, but fashion is a succession of clever novelties; a work of art is the product of its age, but its spirit is inherited.

Functionalism is only one of the properties of architecture. Extravagance and over-emphasis are the negation of art. In so far as the younger school of architects is preoccupied with architecture their work will be on the right track. Theories are useless; knowledge of architecture can only be acquired by study of the actual thing. Too much modern work shows a complete neglect of tradition. The trend to simplicity, cleanness of line, directness of planning, absence of cheap and meaningless ornament is in the right direction; these qualities are all to be found as contributory in any of the acknowledged masterpieces of architecture.

Where buildings lack the greater qualities of imaginative design they will be swept away by later generations with neither compunction nor regret, to give place to new buildings which may perhaps have these qualities—if they are wanted.

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- (6) Are we likely to evolve in the near future a new style of architectural ornament?



Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, Burnham-on-Crouch. Architect: Joseph Emberton
By courtesy of 'The Architect and Building News'

E. MAXWELL FRY

IS MODERN ARCHITECTURE on the right track?—I should like to frame this question in another and less immediate form. It is of little use to peer into the future for an architectural Moses bearing new tables of the law. It cannot be as simple as that. If the answer lies in the future we shall have to wait for it. But if we have left any tracks so far we shall find them in the past, of which we are to ask, not whether we are on the *right* track, but in what ways and to what extent was the central stream of architectural impulse diverted by the upheaval of the nineteenth century. That a rupture took place is not now questionable. England ceased to produce good architecture, good metal work, silverware, furniture, and glass after the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Why?

Because the national way of life was broken. The eighteenth century way of life was not necessarily good, but it was complete, whole. The Industrial Revolution, coming suddenly, offered strange powers, at variance with the old way of life, and for a hundred years the philosophers were cheated, and life was a warring divorce. Art, and architecture with it, lost touch with reality, and flew to this and that palliative, shrinking from the acceptance of the truth that machinery and factories and towns are the business of those that think and create as well as of those who act. The Gothic revival, the arts and crafts movement, Edwardian revival of revivals, gentleman's Georgian—all these are manifestations of a wish to escape from the reality of industrialism. They represent the extent of the divergence from the eternal creative stream.

Modern architecture has turned the hate of machinery, and of steel and concrete, into love. By doing so it has recognised and assimilated the virile structure of the nineteenth century, that made ships and locomotives beautiful. It is, therefore, become whole. It responds wholly and naturally to the reason of things, and rejoins the stream of real tradition.

'Well building has three conditions', wrote Sir Henry Wotton in the eighteenth century: 'Commodity, Firmness, and Delight'. The revivalists, one and all, reversed the order in trying to fit architecture into the figure of their day-dreams. They felt overmuch, as men with a grievance against the order of life. Their architecture had a sort of *feeling*, but was not reasonable. For 'commodity' read 'function'; for 'firmness' read 'structure'; and 'delight' still arises from the satisfaction of these two conditions; not as a thing added, but of the thing itself.

The nineteenth century established a new order unlike anything that went before. Eight million people became forty millions; stage-coaches became railways; inns became hotels; towns, cities. Why solve these new programmes with old formulas? Of what use to us is a St. Pancras Station of which half is Gothic and half engineering, that is to say, pure structure? Why deal any longer with dead styles when we have an

architecture that can solve *all* the problem of a railway station, functionally, structurally, wholly?

If modern architecture responds to the three conditions there is nothing further to fear. Whether it is ugly or beautiful, is not within the competence of men whose taste has been maimed by the last century to judge. If it can satisfy these conditions its final acceptance is inevitable, and we and the next generation will discover its beauties.

As to the jumbled, fused, maltreated English town—is there anything it cannot assimilate? Surely the purity of modern architecture at its best can only bring repose to the confusion of fruitless nineteenth-century ornamentation, order into unplanned chaos, and standards of excellence where none exist. The conflict of the styles is over now. Our job as architects is to establish firmly the order of constructive architecture so that it serves society completely—and to raise its standards. Others coming after may do what they wish in addition. Whether they will care for what we do is beside the

point, since our job is for the first time in a hundred years clearly defined, and within the power of modern architecture to satisfy completely.

FREDERIC TOWNDROW

OSCAR WILDE ONCE SAID that if you want to know what a nation is like, look to its architecture. This is profoundly true; for, strange as it may appear, architecture never lies; it is the only art that tells the truth. For whereas painting and sculpture may be employed upon the slightest provocation with so little excuse, architecture requires sums of money for its execution. And whereas drama and poetry are subject to individual genius and passing fancies, architecture is the result of a community of effort; of client, architect, and builder, and the multifarious sources from which materials and equipment are obtained. Moreover (and this is most important), it is largely an unconscious art: it reveals without our being aware that it does reveal. In fact, try as we may to avoid it, architecture shows us as we really are, with a most uncomfortable precision.

And what does contemporary architecture in Great Britain reveal? It shows the British as a nation which works largely by habit, a people slow to grasp the reality of new conditions. The British do not reason or theorise about a thing; they just 'feel' about it, and do it in a sort of way that pleases most of their countrymen. Around us we see buildings designed in the ancient classical styles with columns, pilasters, cornices, and small rectangular windows arranged in pretty patterns according to ancient usage and obsolete methods of construction. These buildings to most Englishmen seem quite normal, but they reveal a state of mind which more properly belongs to a period of thirty to forty years ago—before the modern use of steel and reinforced concrete and the modern desire for light and air.

Thus the great mass of English people are suffering from this time-lag between what they really need and what they 'feel' they like. In the course of time they will come to realise that what they really need in planning and economy can only be obtained in the strange-looking buildings of the new architecture; and then they will come to admire them just as they admire the motor-car and aeroplane and all the things that do their job. As a matter of fact it is perhaps too early to say exactly what the Englishman will think of the new 'scientific architecture' (I use this expression 'scientific architecture' in preference to 'modern' or 'functionalist') because there are only about a dozen really scientific buildings in this country, and only about half a dozen architects—if that—who understand the philosophy or ideals of the movement. There is Joseph Emberton's Royal Corinthian Yacht Club at Burnham, and his new offices for Messrs. Beck and Pollitzer at Southwark Bridge. In domestic architecture very little has been done; there are two new houses by George Checkley at Cambridge, one by Amyas Connell at Amersham,

one or two—not more—by different architects throughout the country, and a house by myself—an early effort—in Essex. In a public way there are the B.B.C. studios by Wells Coates and others, there is the interior of the Horticultural Hall by Howard Robertson, there is the work of Thomas Tait—especially the new Freemasons' hospital at Ravenscourt Park (which is a most attractive building in red brick), and the work of Charles Holden in the new Underground extensions on the Piccadilly Line. One has only to look at these new stations, signal boxes, and railway buildings at Southgate, Cockfosters and Enfield-West to be convinced as to the justice and beauty of the new architecture. When he sees them even the dullest Englishman will become caught up in the inevitable movement of modern architecture. There is no longer any question: the battle has been won; it is just a matter of time to see whether the battle has not been won too easily.

At this stage I had better define what I mean by 'scientific architecture' (or 'modern' or 'functionalist', whichever word you like to use). It is the architecture which is the result of intense reasoning in planning and structure. It arises absolutely from causes; and these causes are not in architecture but in modern life and modern methods of construction. Thus there is no such thing as a 'modern style'. On this we must be most emphatic, for style implies the idea of a set external expression; it is entirely an intellectual method of approach to the problems of building. Therefore it is not committed in any way to the use of reinforced concrete, or white plaster, or horizontal windows, or angular shapes, or flat roofs. These, where they occur, should be the result of causes in service and structure which happen to be operating at the moment. Where the needs are different then the results must be different. For instance one may have a building that is no less modern because it has stone walls and a tiled roof, assuming that there is some reason in logic for the extra expense of stone walls and a tiled roof. Flat roofs are employed not because they look 'modern' but because under most conditions they are cheaper and more serviceable.

It is in this *attitude of mind* in relating logical cause and effect that the scientific architect differs from his predecessors. He says to himself, 'I must be reasonable, and if the result appears ugly or strange then I must not change it at the expense of reason'. Yet fortunately (for him) he has found, as the designers of the aeroplane and the dynamo have found, that the searching for fitness produces beauty. In fact, this is the greatest discovery in modern thought, a discovery the old architects never dreamed of, for they did not have our modern machines to give them the clue.

Thus we need not ask ourselves whether this new architecture appears to us as beautiful or not. Given the right state of mind we increasingly think of beauty in terms of fitness. The question we must always ask is not whether these buildings appear beautiful, but whether they are fit for their function. And within this function we must include—to the right extent—the human desire for orderliness, brightness, and colour. Upon this ground only, of complete and inclusive fitness, may we appraise or criticise

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the new architecture. If it fails at all it fails in respect of its lack of fitness.

(1) It may be argued that what we have here is engineering and that the engineer will make the architect unnecessary. The reply to this is that it does not matter very much whether the man who designs our buildings in the future calls himself an architect or an engineer; he may be either. The point that does matter, however, is that he must be trained in such a way that he is both architect and engineer; that is to say, he must have the architect's imaginative sense of planning, the architect's sense of form and colour, with the engineer's knowledge of structure. A high degree of imagination (such as only the architect possesses at the moment) is necessary in planning, so that a man may conceive an immense number of alternatives, all of them possible, from which to select the most practical. Moreover, in a building, with our still limited scientific knowledge, there are still a large number of things which cannot be established on a calculable basis by facts and formula. Here the intuitive capacity of the architect is able to step in and save the engineer from the blunders of miscalculation.

(5) It is difficult to say what the next generation will think of what we call the 'ultra-modern style' and the 'ultra-modern home'. They will probably look upon it as something experimental, and perhaps as rather old-fashioned. More than likely, several generations ahead, there will be sentimentalists who will go into rhapsodies over an 'olde-worlde-functionaliste cottage'. Generally it is

reasonable to suppose that the ideals of the modern architect will be more acceptable to the next generation than they are to the present one. At any rate, young people now in their teens and twenties are tremendously keen about the new architecture.

(6) However, the most difficult question of all is as to whether this new architecture will, in the future, evolve a new style of architectural ornament. It is impossible to answer this question, for one cannot be certain whether future generations will require ornament upon buildings in the sense that our fathers required it. It is possible that they will delight solely in the logical and intellectual qualities of a building, and may find quite sufficient pleasure in its mechanism, its space, and its comfort. No doubt in this there will be a strong demand for colour, and artificial lighting, and possibly for symbolic sculpture. It is uncertain whether there will be any need for ornament in the old sense of that word.



Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, Vincent Square. Architects: Easton and Robertson

By courtesy of the Royal Horticultural Society

M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT

(1) CERTAINLY NOT! Architects who combine practical ability with artistic sensibility are more than ever necessary to combat the invasion of the spirit of materialism which threatens the world of building today. For this spirit, if unchecked, will end by destroying utterly the rural beauty of the countryside, and by making this beautiful land of ours—this land which our fathers knew so well how to adorn by their buildings—into a habitation fit only for robots and the slaves of the machine. Mr. Goodhart-Rendel, in his admirable Oxford lecture last month, expresses concisely the essential function of the architect. 'It is now generally agreed', he said, 'that the fine art called architecture differs from the useful art called engineering in that it involves æsthetic choice, which engineering does not. There are few structural problems that have not several solutions equal in utility; from these solutions architecture chooses that which best serves her artistic purpose. She is also free, in the opinion of most people, to choose, for her own ends, any slightly less useful solution that actually is useful enough'.

(2) I think this question might better be 'Can functionalism go far enough?' I have never met a functionalist, but imagine that believers in such a narrow creed must be rather dull and tiresome people of strictly limited intelligence. It would be interesting to know if they realise that this much-vaunted new doctrine was invented in the Garden of Eden, and has been practised in every work of man since the world began. Not only man, but birds and bees and beavers are primarily functionalist builders. But man has always been something more, and it is this *something more* which raises his work above that of the beasts of the field, for all these build in three dimensions only. It is man alone who can add the fourth dimension of wonder, beauty and delight. May I quote again from Mr. Goodhart-Rendel? 'It has always seemed to me odd', he said, 'that the least interesting of all these dead and bottled ideas, the one labelled "functionalism", should have arisen and spread in the years when ordinary people first began to be interested in the subconscious mind. You would have supposed that anybody who realised how much hidden wisdom and how much forgotten but still influential experience may lie behind the apparently unreasoning choice made by an artist—you would have supposed that anybody realising this would be especially wary when measuring art by the yard-stick of conscious thought. Conscious thought may, and should, test as far as it can the results of artistic impulse; it may, and should, be allowed to annihilate what it can prove to be emotionally insincere or misdirected. But the unconscious thought behind the impulse may be far subtler than any conscious process by which it can be tested, and often truer also. No reasoning can determine the entasis of a column'.

(3) Again, certainly not! The 'new architecture', if I may judge from most of the examples I have seen, is as violently at variance

with the spirit of the old town as it is with the countryside which it disfigures and desecrates. The particular charm of an English town derives very largely from its expression of national and local character, influenced no doubt originally by climate, habit, and the special technique of the material available. The new style apparently owns no such allegiance; it has neither ancestry nor kindred; it cannot be on speaking terms with its neighbours, for it does not know their language.

(4) Whether any architecture, old or new, is ugly or not depends entirely on the powers of the architect in each case. Almost any style of architecture may be made beautiful by a sensitive and inspired artist or ugly by a blind materialist. The best examples in the new manner have come from architects who have trained their perceptions by the study of old work; the worst from those who find the new style an easy way of expressing their ignorance and contempt of all that stands for beauty in building.

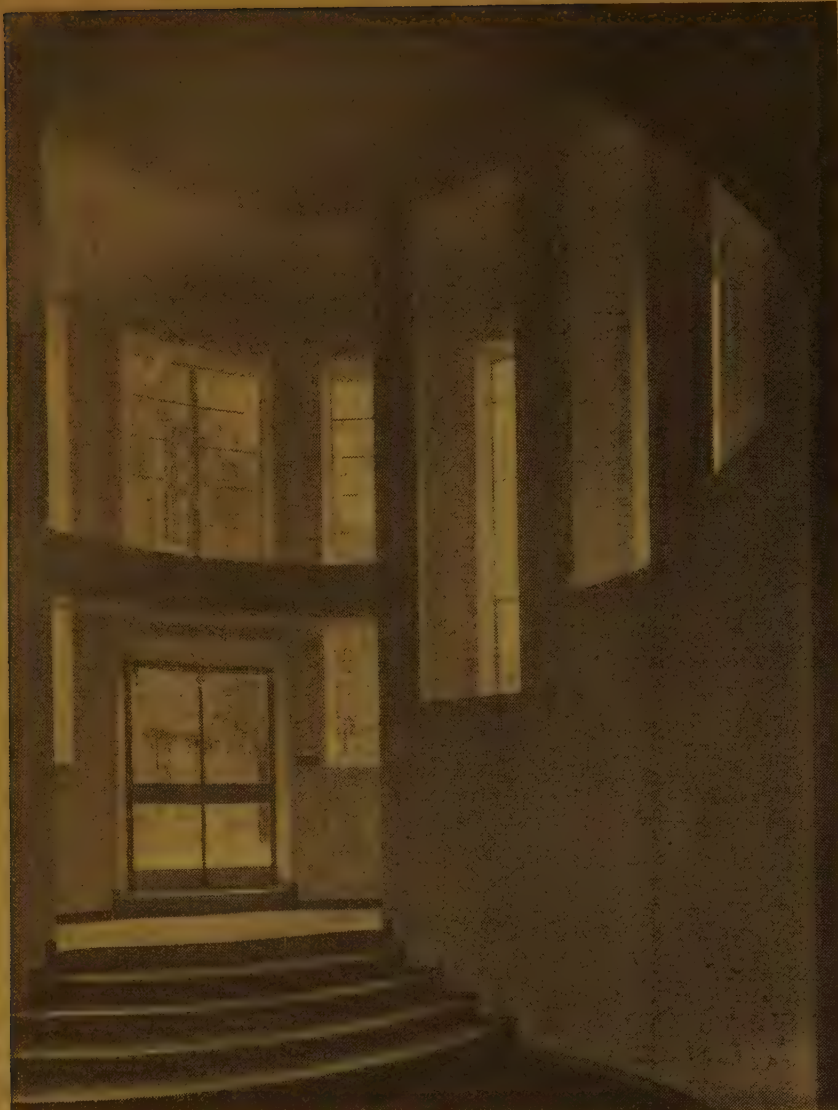
(5) and (6) Questions of this kind can only be answered with any degree of confidence by those who, like Mr. H. G. Wells or 'Old Moore', possess the gift of prophecy. Hitherto students of history have sometimes predicted successfully its inevitable repetitions. But the progress of modern science may have entirely upset the recurring cycles of history. If, as we may hope, the new generation has not entirely lost that love of home which used to be so deep-rooted in the hearts of our countrymen, it is difficult to imagine how the modern machine-made substitute for English building can prove worthy of their devotion. And, as regards ornament, I think it is highly probable that there may before long be a revulsion from the present tendency to abolish everything which may clothe and beautify the bare structural facts of our buildings, and that grace and comeliness may once more be recognised as essential to good building.

To sum up: modern architecture is wrong in so far as it concerns itself merely with practical utility and scorns the nobler human qualities which building can express. It is wrong, too, in ignoring the splendid building of the past, and in its attempts to get a transitory cheap notoriety by aiming at novelty for its own sake. We should try to do the best we can quite irrespective of the calendar. Whatever forms our modern buildings may take, those alone will have survival value which represent an organic development of the art of building and are deeply rooted in our great tradition. Modern architecture is wrong, too, in its impudent claim to a monopoly of practical efficiency. It often, indeed, signally fails in this respect, more especially in not recognising that the fundamental purpose of the house is to afford an adequate protection from external conditions of temperature and weather. Its flimsy flat roofs, thin walls and too extensive glass areas are quite unsuited to our climate.



Enfield West Station. Architects: Adams, Holden and Pearson

By courtesy of the London Passenger Transport Board



Mond Laboratory, Cambridge. Architect: H. C. Hughes

By courtesy of 'The Architect and Building News'

JOSEPH EMBERTON

'IS MODERN ARCHITECTURE on the right track?' That depends upon what the expression 'Modern Architecture' covers. If such buildings as South Africa House, or the Shell Building—I mention these because they are the latest contributions to London's bigger buildings—probably not. On the other hand, if the expression is limited to those new forms such as the Van Nelle Factory, Rotterdam, which have been developed in Germany, France and Holland, the answer is very definitely 'yes'. Architecture is not a matter of aesthetics. It is a matter of reason. Architecture should be the servant of man, and not man the slave of architectural tradition. Architecture should be so developed as to increase man's fitness and competence, besides adding to his pleasures.

To insist that the forms of buildings constructed of concrete or steel shall bear the same appearance as their more primitive predecessors in brick and stone, is to prejudice the usefulness of modern science, at the same time producing buildings which have no relation to our time and which can play no part in history. This prostitution of good building, which makes its form subservient to the idiosyncrasies of individual architects, cannot have that sense of inevitability which is the most characteristic impression created by the great buildings of the past, e.g., Salisbury Cathedral or the Parthenon. My main reason for believing that we are getting on the right track is because the best modern architecture is adopting precisely the same principles as were employed in the design of these magnificent remains from the past.

The problem of the mediæval builder was to enclose spaces as large as possible with small stones. The natural result was the arch, the vault, the buttress and the pinnacle—all functioning parts; not features added for the sake of decoration or symmetry. Surely there can be no reason why steel or reinforced concrete should not produce their own characteristic forms in the solution of the more complex problems of today? The usefulness of the cantilever surely should not be discounted on account of æsthetic prejudice.

The heavy Norman pier became the much more slender one in later Gothic times for no other reason than that with his increased knowledge of the bearing capacity of stone, the builder found he could economise in space. Why therefore should we not accept the more attenuated form of a steel or reinforced concrete column, and effect further economy, instead of encasing it with thick walls of stone for no other reason than to make it look like something which it is not? Thousands of tons of stone are still quarried and brought to London, to destroy valuable and useful space by this expensive form of camouflage, and consequently Regent Street is full of large rusticated piers—mostly hollow—where shop windows would be much more useful.

I believe that the only way to achieve good architecture is to employ the most appropriate materials which scientific development has produced in providing such buildings as will give the utmost service to man without any æsthetic prejudice whatsoever—'To follow the argument wherever it may lead'. In doing this, besides increasing the competence of man, we shall add to his pleasure by producing new entities—buildings which will bear a definite relation to our time, which could not have been built five years ago, and should not be built five years hence. Thus architecture would become a living thing. The buildings would bear some relation to each other, and not represent a collection of individual architect's ideas as to the most appropriate arrangement of antique ornaments. The growth of architecture would then be interesting, and although the different units comprising a street may have been erected at different times, there would be the same harmony as exists between Henry VIII's Chapel and the rest of the Abbey. It is true that the new characteristic forms are not very companionable when side by side with the so-called traditional forms, but is not that the misfortune of our time? In any case, we cannot go on for ever imitating Italian palaces or French châteaux.

It is perhaps interesting to compare architecture with other structures which our age has produced. Take for example the aeroplane, motor-car, liner or omnibus, for it seems to me that a building is as much a machine to work in, or to live in, as these

are for transport. These have all produced beautiful—or, at least, satisfactory—forms, without much thought having been given to æsthetic effect. In many cases the quality of beauty is directly related to efficiency. We react naturally to these new virile forms, but our taste for real architectural form has been so prejudiced by affectation and superficial camouflage that we are shocked at the sight of a real healthy structure.

(1) The engineer is not making the architect unnecessary today. Both are essential in the design of a modern building. The engineer makes the structure, and the architect arranges it to achieve maximum usefulness. There is not time in a man's life to do both with any degree of competence. Although an architect requires a considerable knowledge of structure, the less an engineer knows about architecture the better, for an engineer's results should be achieved by calculation and should be exact, whereas those of an architect are only partly by calculation and mainly by discretion.

(2) Functionalism cannot go too far until a building can function too well, but the over-emphasis of function may.

(3) If an English town or city must live, it must assimilate the new architecture. Mud huts were replaced by brick cottages, so must the brick cottages eventually be replaced by concrete and steel. Man's increasing reliance on machinery will determine this. One day we shall take as great a pride in the things we do ourselves as those done by our ancestors.

(4) That the new architecture is only considered ugly by the prejudiced is indicated by the fact that it is almost invariably accepted by the youthful.

(5) 'Ultra-modern' is a horrid label, and indicates eccentricity which is detrimental to anything. Modern architecture, being based on reason rather than sentiment, will appeal to the reason of future generations. Such reliance could not be placed on architecture based on sentiment.

(6) Let us purify our structures before we begin to think of ornament, and we shall probably find that they need but little decoration. Who would put an ornament on the Schneider Cup machine? Few require much ornament on a well-designed motor-car, but mascots are very desirable on an inferior design.

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CHRISTIAN BARMAN

THE ONE THING that everybody notices about the newest architecture is that it is so very different. For generation upon generation we have had a sequence of ideas and forms moving by indistinguishable stages like the growth of an animal or a plant. Suddenly it is as though an entirely different animal or plant had appeared. 'It's a trick!' you hear people say, and the remark is understandable. To talk about a chrysalis is not quite playing the game; and, besides, the last thing the younger architects want to do is to write down the architectural past as a puppyhood state. We know only too well that there are achievements behind us that we shall never have a chance to equal. But we also know that there are tasks in front quite unlike the tasks that were laid on our predecessors. And it is the exceptional nature of these tasks that demands exceptional action on our part. Architecture has to be different because today the job it has to do is so entirely different.

Now and again the lives of individuals as well as institutions are interrupted by happenings calling for sudden, portentous action. The level country, shall we say, in which years or centuries were passed, has led to a mountain range, and not to cross this range means defeat. But the stock phrases for this kind of happening are mostly taken from military life, where years of meaningless routine are sharply and terrifyingly punctuated with battles in which the future of a nation may be at stake. We architects believe that architecture is about to live through one of these exceptional moments. In the military jargon, we believe that architecture is like an army that cannot maintain itself another day without engaging in battle. And we fearfully surmise that the outcome of that battle will deeply affect not only the future of our own art but the whole future of human life on earth.

What is this battle all about? There is a question that is on everybody's lips today: 'Can human society', we ask, 'assimilate the machine?' The machine came into the world over a century ago, but so far it cannot be said that the process of assimilation has gone on very satisfactorily. The machine has given us motion, and the power of motion has been fairly successfully distributed among mankind. It has not only helped us all to move ourselves about much more easily than before, but by giving us quicker means of clearing away our waste products it has made collective human life cleaner and healthier. On the main fabric of this life, however, the machine has had little effect so far, and that little has been, on the whole, destructive. The new power has yet to be turned into useful human good. The new energy still remains to be utilised.

We are drifting from the metaphors of war into metaphors of the stomach; but the image is useful. When an animal has swallowed a quantity of food there arises for it the crucial question: 'Can I pass this food through the lining of my

alimentary canal?' If the food cannot be digested it will not do the animal any good. On the contrary, it may do a great deal of harm unless it is properly dealt with. And in order to deal with it properly, the animal has to rely on the enzymes or ferments which make digestion possible. We believe that architecture is one of the enzymes without which it is impossible for the machine to enter into the body of modern society to the benefit of that body. No doubt there are other enzymes that are needed just as much, but we do not believe that any amount of these can make up for a lack of the architectural stuff.

After all, when a man has provided himself with food, he spends most of his remaining energy building up a decent visible and audible human environment. Here he is a maker indeed. And if machine civilisation is to go on, it is in this, the greatest and finest activity of man, that the machine will have to be most fully used. The machine has shown itself capable of providing abundant light and heat for everyone, but we are still very far from having worked out the right kind of light and the right kind of heat. And this is only the beginning. In smaller physical objects, like textile goods and vessels for eating and drinking, we can see the influence of the machine at work. Here, it is true, we find there is a great deal more to go round than there used to be. But these things are only little pieces of the architectural frame, the budding of a single leaf on a great tree, the single swallow that does not make a summer. The past has taught us that our furniture and our teapots are a part of architecture, and without an architecture that is right none of the lesser objects can be right. If the structure of our towns and buildings continues on its present plan and refuses to admit this new thing that is no longer new, the result will be catastrophe. The justification of the new architecture is that its ferment may yet manage to turn the machine into something that will nourish the life of man and make it bigger and richer.



Inexpensive modern houses at Edgware—approximate cost, with ground, £1,095 freehold. Architects: Welch, Cachemaille-Day and Lander



'The Hop Field', St. Mary's Platt, which cost £1,200 completely furnished. Architect: Colin Lucas

By courtesy of Mr. Baseden Butt

WELLS COATES

YOUR QUESTION, 'Is Modern Architecture on the Right Track?' has about it the authentic irritating twang of the platform moralist. I am a little shocked that THE LISTENER should sponsor so dreary a catechism.

It is evident that the modern architectural scene is here viewed as a jostling Hyde Park hustings affair, with all the texts and pretexts in friendly disarray.

'Is the new architecture ugly?' 'Has functionalism in building gone too far?' 'Is the engineer making the architect unnecessary today?' One after another these amphibiological questions are to be seen raising their twin-heads above the noisy throng of listeners . . . And from the next stall the ghost-cry: 'Is education dangerous?' 'Has the B.B.C. been allowed to go too far?' 'Is the Prime Minister making the politician unnecessary today?'

England went off the gold standard in architecture about a hundred years ago. In spite of the most strenuous efforts of the banker-architects to stabilise the currency, we are still suffering from the effects of an architectural period of inflation, followed by a depreciation of all real architectural values.

Many individual fortunes have been made by speculative builders during this distressing period.

In this atmosphere of crisis, there are those who exhort us dully to return to some old, or gold standard—or at the least to

some paper-imitation token-currency of architectural style with all its promises to 'Pay Bearer on Demand' the things that other people have desired.

Then there are those who are all for 'pegging' architectural currency at some arbitrarily determined present-day level—grudgingly including in their reckoning only those new values that have been accepted in the most respectable banking circles. Under the banner of Polite Compromise, these architects pay lip-service to every kind of snobbish, fashionable, or profitable conjunction of styles. Thus, Swedish elegance may be seen to be grafted on to British competence, to form one more bright individual 'style'.

A great deal has been written and said about a managed currency—a planned architectural economy—on the part of those whose interests lie all ahead and who are prepared for a break with the Past rather than be destroyed with it. The new policy starts from consumer's needs—and capacities to pay—and consumer's rights, in relation to all the available data of production: facts, figures, materials, of the present structure of society.

The new architectural currency is being designed in two materials: first, human needs, and the necessity for a new dimension of Plan and Order in the arrangement and aspect of life; second, the new resources of technology, a multitude of details, processes and conditions of great complexity.



A room in 'The Hop Field'

- (1) Is the engineer making the architect unnecessary today?
- (2) Has functionalism in building gone too far?
- (3) Can the English town and city ever properly assimilate the new architecture?
- (4) Is the new architecture ugly?
- (5) What will the next generation think of the ultra-modern style of present-day buildings, including the ultra-modern home?
- (6) Are we likely to evolve in the near future a new style of architectural ornament?

You ask if modern architecture is on the right track, and you ask questions based on stylistic premises, framed with circumlocutions such as 'ultra-modern', 'functionalism', etc., which are barren, meaningless, *trackless*, to the contemporary architect, who is not the least concerned with predetermined, presupposed, preconceived shapes or styles as such.

To retain your railway symbol,—I should say that the new architecture is travelling on two parallel permanent ways: the one is the way of Science—the science of the *inside* of things, science the *identifier*, measurer, and calculator; the other is the way of Art—which is the science of the *outside* of things: art the *differentiator*, selector, and maker. For Architecture—the surest and completest art—is both science and art, moving on parallel lines.

Science Notes

Is Telepathy Proved?

TELEPATHY' was invented by F. W. H. Myres to denote the communication of impressions of any kind from one mind to another, independent of the recognised channels of sense. To most people it means the same thing as 'thought transference'. The simplest case is when two people only are involved. The function of one of them, the 'agent', is to think very intently on some simple word or idea which the other, the 'percipient'—generally out of sight, hearing and, so far as known, touch of any kind—does his best correctly to 'guess'. Thus, I go into one room and my friend X into another. I take a pack of well-shuffled cards, look at one card, concentrate my mind on it and signal by some means to X that he has now to guess what the card is. He writes down 'Ten of Diamonds' or 'Queen of Spades' or whatever he thinks is the card I am concentrating on. We do not communicate except by the signal; we do not knowingly use a code or try in any way to play unfair. In this way we go through the whole pack. X never gets all the pack right, but the remarkable thing is that if I am a good agent and he is a good percipient—what is called an 'attuned' percipient—he can get more than half the cards right, a proportion, it can be readily understood, which could never be attained by operation of the laws of chance—by simply guessing at random.

Telepathy must be one of the many subjects about which American readers are still in two minds, because the editor of the *Scientific American* in March of this year thought the time was ripe for a simple test, in which his readers could collaborate, to prove or disprove the fact of telepathy. The test proposed was much simpler than the one just described. Two people were to take on the duties of agent and percipient. The former was asked to shake out a dice from a tube in a series of tests which involved 500 throws, and concentrate on the number which was cast. The latter (who could not see the dice) had then to guess the number aloud. The fact of right or wrong was recorded by the agent on a chart, and in due time this was sent to the editor for examination. In the July issue there is a very interesting article which tabulates and discusses the results obtained from the first 120 charts sent in. There were altogether 120 times 500, that is 60,000, trials. Pure chance gives an expectation of 10,000 correct guesses (one sixth of the total, as a dice has six sides); actually there were 11,141 correct guesses. The departure from 10,000 seems little enough at first sight, but with so many trials as 60,000 it is in reality enormous. The odds in favour of there being something here other than chance are worked out by the mathematicians as 9992 to 8. For details of this and the rather naïve comments upon the results generally the reader is referred to the article itself.

In a public experiment of this kind there are obvious snags. The editor cannot be sure that all his collaborators have played fair. There are always people who like to pull the editorial leg. There are people displeased at scoring less than 100 per cent. who fake their charts accordingly. Dice are not perfect. And apart from conscious lying, it must be remembered that very few people are capable of carrying out even a simple procedure without violating, even if unconsciously, the rules. Nevertheless, it is stated, there is very little doubt about the bona-fidedness of the majority of the results sent in. A man, J. M. S., and his wife, who did the tests several times, have so far sent in the best charts. The first three, the fifth, sixth, seventh, ninth and tenth best of the 120 are all theirs, and two college students who provided the fourth best chart run them closely. A problem of this kind must be judged not by its average, but by its best. If there are pairs of people who can, so to speak, decisively beat chance every time, then telepathy is established. It is clear that the best senders-in of charts have done this. What evidence there is indicates that as they progressed the best two pairs improved. One pair rose from 29.4 per cent. of 'rights' at the first go to 44.6 per cent. at the last. The college students scored in successive hundreds of trials in their 500 run 23, 38, 43, 46 and 48 per cent. of correct

answers; there were six occasions in which no error was made in five successive guesses, one occasion when no error was made in six successive guesses and another in which no error was made in nine. At each guess, be it noted, the odds were 5 to 1 against 'right' being called.

The original experiment is being continued and a new test was started by the magazine last month. While it is true that public experiments on telepathy have sometimes failed lamentably, the existence of telepathy in simple cases was so established many years ago by the Society of Psychical Research that no competent person who studies their evidence can dissent from the existence of this odd thing. I am rather surprised, indeed, that there was need for further experiments of the simple type proposed by the *Scientific American*. Have they never heard of the testimony of McDougall, Sidgwick, William James, Bergson, Driesch and even Freud, on the matter?

It is, of course, true that there are people about who do not believe in this subject. Few of these, however, are the kind satirised by Hans Driesch 'as those who were with God when He created the world and who know what He is able to do and what not'. The majority of them have no use for telepathy because most of what is called telepathy is not really telepathy at all, but one of many other things. 'Thought transference' on the stage or as a parlour trick is done by a code, although telephony, ordinary or wireless, has been used. A lot of the 'telepathy' of ordinary life is due to similarities of mental sequences. Two people observe some person or sign or word which starts a similar train of thought in each. When one breaks into speech he says what the other was about to say. This, it will be remembered, was one of Sherlock Holmes' tricks on Dr. Watson, but everyone is aware of better instances in his own experience than those recorded by others. Some 'telepathy' is due to hypersensitivity on the part of the recipient to words or signs or muscular effects put forth by the agent unconsciously. Many people, for example, cannot see the number six without saying it 'under their breath'. An agent of this class with a percipient with a very acute hearing might appear to do wonders even at great distances.

Two things more may be said about this subject. The first is that theorising about it should be cut down to a minimum. It is best served by extending the kind of experiments which the Society of Psychical Research did in the 'eighties and the *Scientific American* is now doing. A good agent and his percipient should be given increasingly difficult tasks to determine the limit or their abilities. Thus in the recent experiments it would be interesting to know what the students who raised their score from 23 to 48 per cent. in successive hundreds could do eventually. Would their score approach 100 per cent. or stick somewhere around 50?

The other thing is that there is no need to regard telepathy as specially wonderful. People who 'run' telepathy are apt to be unbalanced by the wonder of the thing they have got. But take the word 'telephone' near it in the dictionary. The wonder of the telephone knocks the wonder of telepathy into a cocked hat. Telepathy merely does badly, though admittedly in a novel way, what the telephone does with ease and accuracy. The drawback about the telephone is that it was somebody else's invention a long time ago; the beauty and wonder of its working have become hackneyed by familiarity. The merit of telepathy is that it is our own little pet subject. The wonder of it arises not from knowledge, but from mystery. It is all the better for being decried by some. We are apt in consequence to be greatly impressed by some story of a telepathic summons to a sick man's bedside and fail to recognise the at least equal wonder and the much greater certainty of action of the telephone or the telegram. When telepathy can do something which more mundane methods cannot do it will be time enough to regard it as it is too often now regarded. I think there is a distinct possibility that that time will come eventually.

A. S. RUSSELL

Excavators' Progress—IV

Central Europe and Asia Minor

By STANLEY CASSON

AFTER the previous survey of the extreme west of Europe and the regions of hither Asia it will be more easy to comprehend the intervening area that connects the two extremes. Central Europe, particularly the south-eastern part of it, is at all periods so closely in touch with Little Asia that for all practical purposes of history and prehistory, the two areas form a unity. Every recent discovery of excavation and research has served to confirm the hypothesis (already formulated by the Greeks) that the extremities of eastern Europe and western Asia were culturally connected. The connection was made at the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. Over the barrier of these waters Asia has eternally attempted to press into Europe, and, as eternally, Europe has returned the compliment. History and prehistory repeated itself between 1912 and 1922, when Asia and Europe were striving once more to hold the bridgeheads. Troy and Constantinople were always guardians of the bridges that lead from Europe to Asia, rather than forts to prevent egress from or entrance to the Black Sea. The great Europe-Asia route was controlled by geographical facts, not deliberately made by man. The swarming peoples of the Danube plains, of what are now Hungary, Rumania, Slavonia, Lower Austria and Bohemia, in seeking a way to the luring cities of the east, to the warmer lands of hither Asia and the Levant, found their way blocked southwards by the mountains of Albania and Dalmatia and by Pindus and the Balkans on the south. Individuals could cross without difficulty, but for tribes no passage was possible. One outlet alone allowed passage to the south—the valley of the Vardar-Morava rivers, down which today the railway passes from Vienna to Salonika. Eastwards of this route there was no passage at all until, near the Black Sea, the lower levels of the Balkan ridge allowed passage round it into the downlands of eastern Thrace. Here, as the great European promontory narrowed to its point, movement was restricted until, in the end, the passage to Asia had perforce to be at Troy or at Constantinople. And that is why Troy in the dim and distant ages and Constantinople in later times were planted in those key positions. That is why each city reflects occident and orient in almost equal proportions.

The earliest movement of all was from the East. Let us get

places, and slowly, almost imperceptibly, pressed up the river valley. Here at Vintcha the earliest Neolithic period was well illustrated, dating to between 3000 and 2600 B.C. The settlers were agriculturalists, peaceable and primitive. They had no weapons of war. As they developed they lost their eastern flavour. But for a long time hints of the east are found on their sites. By the discovery of one thing alone their eastern origins



The Danube at the Iron Gates

are clear. For ornament they were addicted to a shell known as *Spondylus gaederopus*, found only in the Mediterranean. Yet that shell has been found in settlements of these Danubian folk as far inland as Bohemia and Saxo-Thuringia. The shape of the clay vessels they made was that of the gourd, which does not grow adequately north of the Balkans. The spirals with which so many Central European folk decorated their ceramic may be indigenous, but its earliest use as a decorative device is in the graves of Ur in Mesopotamia. At last we see light through the enormous ramifications of Central European prehistory.

Vintcha illustrates the earliest periods, and a score of sites on and near the Danube the later. Impoverished and altered, the superior civilisation of the East had filtered into Europe across the dividing waters and up the Danube. The tremendous culture of Sumeria was like a distant sun that slowly penetrated the mists of a waste and almost vacant land.

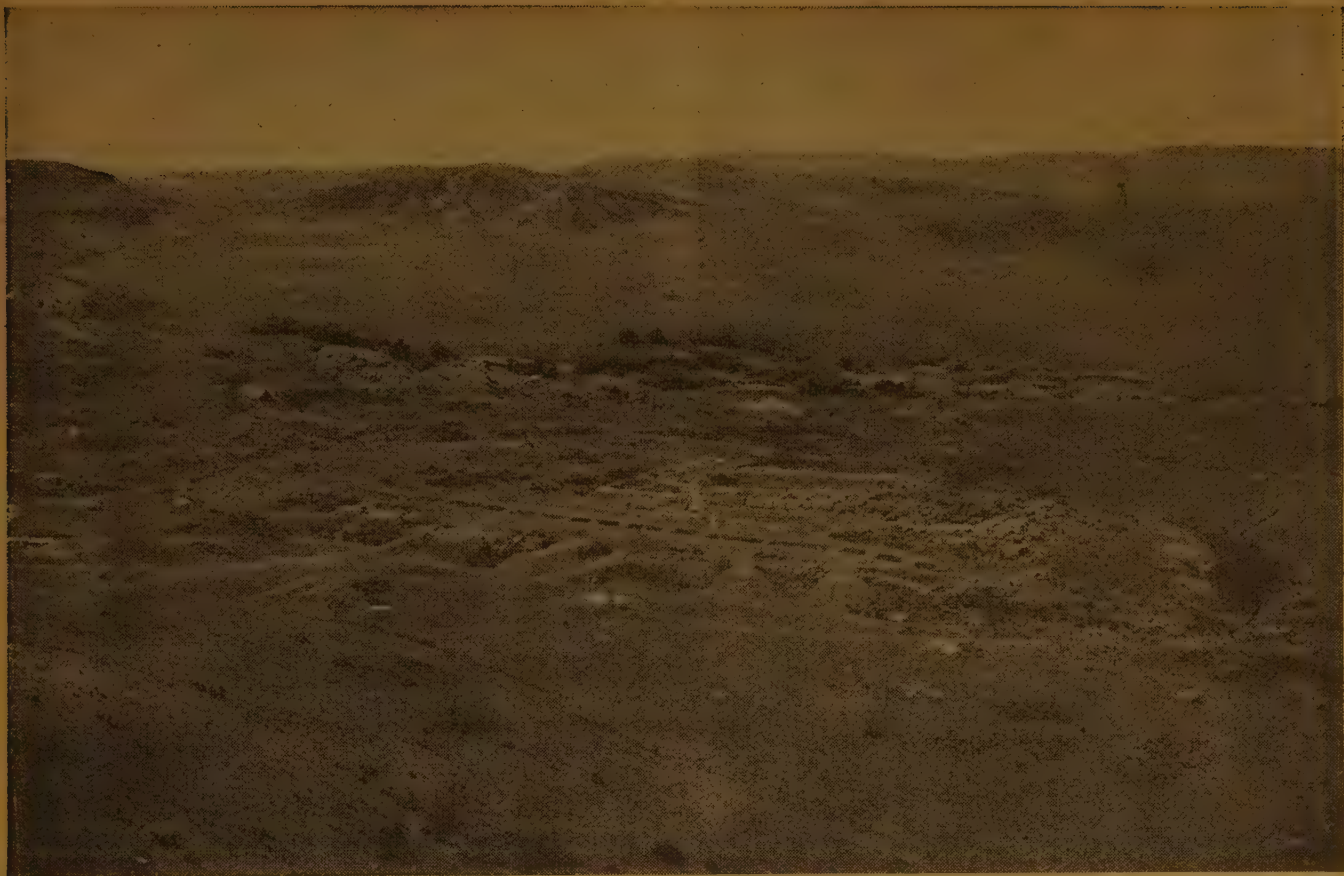
This is one of the most important conclusions of post-War archaeology, a careful and scientific analysis of accumulated material that at first sight defied classification or synthesis or analysis. Recent excavations by an American expedition in 1931 at Startchevo opposite Vintcha have served to add to our knowledge of the earliest periods.

As traffic between Europe and Asia increased Troy was founded. Who first built it we do not know, but the excavations of Schliemann in 1873 revealed that the second city of Troy, built about 2400 B.C., grew rich and powerful. The Bronze Age was now in full swing and by 2000 B.C. Troy was the wealthiest centre of the Mediterranean after Cnossos. Trojan metalwork and gold jewelry has long been recognised as identical in type with similar metal-wares of Hungary and the Danube valley. Movements backwards and forward across the Straits enriched the bridgehead city. But you cannot long be rich in a world of envious barbarians. This second city of Troy was swept out of existence about 1900 B.C. by an inroad from Europe of savage people who were probably of Nordic strain. The Trojans themselves were perhaps a blend of Nordic and Asiatic races, as one would



The Plain of Troy from the site of the first City of Troy

to the heart and core of the matter. At the site of Vintcha, near Belgrade, almost in the centre of our area, systematic excavations have been carried out for some years and are still continuing. The conclusions of the most recent research is that peoples of Little Asia, moving slowly and steadily westwards, coasting the waters of the Black Sea near the Bosphorus, worked their way along to the Danube mouth, found congenial dwelling



Bird's-eye view of the excavated palace at Boghaz-Keui, with the modern Turkish village in the background

Plate XVI from 'The Hittite Empire' by Professor John Garstang (Constable)

expect in a city which lived at the meeting-point of two continents. Excavations have begun again at Troy. Last year an American expedition opened new areas which had not been dug by Schliemann and Doerpfeld. The main object of these new excavations is to re-examine the stratification in the light of discoveries made since the German excavations were carried out. With good fortune the excavators will find the tombs of the Trojan kings. But at present there is no trace of any early Trojan necropolis, either of kings or commoners. But there is work yet for many years at the site.

The constant movements backwards and forwards across the dividing waters led, as Troy grew old, to the racial unification, as far as we can judge, of Thrace and Phrygian Asia Minor.

Away in the background, with its capital city in the rock-fastnesses of Cappadocia, was the great inland empire of the Hittites. We now know with some certainty that at the time when the second city of Troy was at its summit of power and wealth, the Hittites had scarcely appeared on the horizon. But a few centuries later, about 1500 B.C., the Hittites had established the strongest internal power in Asia Minor for long ages. Troy at this time was in an eclipse. Until 1924 it was thought that the Hittites were mainly an Asiatic folk who were little in touch with the west. But it is still uncertain whether they are of Indo-European origin or not. Whence they came is equally a mystery: conceivably they pressed down from the north or from eastern European regions into Asia.

In 1924 the first results of long research on certain Hittite inscribed tablets found in 1908 at the Hittite capital of Hattusas, were published. At Hattusas, now the Turkish village of Boghaz-Keui, several thousands of these tablets were excavated. Most are written in cuneiform script and in known non-Hittite languages used by the Hittite court and scribes. The result of the translation of some of the tablets reveals that they are what might be called the Foreign Office Records of the Hittite Empire. To the astonishment of Homeric scholars there was found repeated mention in them of a people called the Ahhiyava, now firmly identified as the Homeric Achæans. It seems that these Ahhiyava had settled on the southern coasts of Asia Minor, in Cilicia and Pamphylia, whence they had raided and established themselves in some military strength. They appear to have been essentially a sea-folk, with a base at Cyprus, and to have been in the position sometimes of vassals and mercenaries, sometimes of equals and allies with the Hittite kings. Their presence in these parts covers a period from about 1350 B.C. to 1200 B.C. Here, in other words, were Greeks, who had set out on marauding expeditions and as colonists, in the manner of the sea-raiders who gave such trouble to Egypt about the same time. Greeks were virtually in control of the Levant and sailed whither they wished. Among the names mentioned of Greek leaders some seem to be identical with known Greek names, but none can safely be identified with actual men known to Homer or to Greek legend. But the conclusion that the Hittites knew Greeks intimately and were in touch with Greek forces and Greek enterprise is an historical conclusion of the very first importance. Excavation has here given us an enormous mass of new literary records of inestimable



Bronze Mycenaean cauldron, dug up at Ras Shamra

By courtesy of 'Syria' (Paris) and Professor F.-A. Schaeffer



The bronze-smith's hoard of tools and weapons found at Ras Shamra that showed 'he was making swords of the European-Danubian type used by Achæans'

By courtesy of 'Syria' (Paris) and Professor F.-A. Schaeffer

value. The Homeric Age is illuminated by a new and brilliant light. But the story does not end here.

French excavations begun five years ago at a site near Ras Shamra, on the north Syrian coast, have revealed a settlement near the head of the gulf of Alexandretta, which extends our knowledge of Homeric Greeks still further. For here, apparently, was a cosmopolitan port, in which was a colony of Achæans of the same kind as those who had harried the Hittites. Here were their houses and tombs in a city which was polyglot and mixed. The natives were Semites, perhaps the ancestors of the Phœnicians: pottery from Mycenæ, from Babylonia and from Cyprus showed the trade contacts of the city. The contents of the workshop of a bronze-smith showed that he was making swords of the European-Danubian type used by Achæans: the tombs in which the Achæans were laid showed affinities even with more ancient Cretan types. Egypt too was represented by many imports and by an all-pervading Egyptian influence. Beneath the cosmopolitan culture so revealed was a background of Asiatic Semitic

religion and culture. Here in fact was a port as varied and mixed in population as Marseilles of today. And it was used by the very sea-raiders who had come from Greece to Cyprus and Pamphylia. To give point to the cosmopolitan nature of the city there was found a library of inscribed tablets in which no less than eight languages were recognised. The tablets were all in cuneiform, but one group shows that the cuneiform characters had been used in the manner of an alphabet. As such this seems to be the rudimentary alphabet from which, perhaps, the Phœnician alphabet that we know evolved. It has about the same number of letters as our own alphabet.

Among the important documents were certain dictionaries for the use of the scribes. In some cases the dictionary gave the words in one column in Accadian (or Babylonian), and in the other in an unknown language. Scholars will await with the keenest interest the deciphering of these tablets, which has not yet been fully carried out. At Ras Shamra may lie the clue to much that is at present mysterious. We may learn more of Cretans and Achæans and more of Hittites. But further excavation in these regions is of the utmost importance.

Among the finds at Shamra is a splendid ivory relief of the Mother Goddess, a work of Mycenæan art, comparable to others from Mycenæ and from Cyprus. A fine bronze Mycenæan tripod was also found, of great perfection. It is a far call from the valleys of the Danube to the confines of Syria, but Greeks, who originally developed in central Europe and pressed down into the Balkans, ultimately settled in Little Asia and up against the coasts of Labanon, in those dim Homeric days before the catastrophe which brought all the cities of the Ægean and the Levant tumbling to the ground and, with these, the Hittite empire at the dawn of the Iron Age about 1050 B.C. Here is a new chapter in the history of the Greeks of that ancient world, of the Greeks before there was the Greece that we know. The Hellenes of history were yet to be forged by new iron:

So silently a new age came to birth,
Hellas, new-risen on the hills, was throwing
The splendour of its morning on the earth—
The sun was up, and the dawn breezes blowing.

Readers who are following Mr. Casson's articles in conjunction with the map published in our issue of July 5 (page 4) will have noticed a slight discrepancy between the numbers given to the areas to be dealt with in the articles, and the actual numbering of the articles already published—*i.e.*, the second dealt with the area marked I and the third with that marked II. The present article deals with the area marked III on the map.



The Lion-gate at Boghaz-Keui

Plate XVIII from 'The Hittite Empire' by Professor John Garstang (Constable)

Out of Doors

Some Neglected Plants

By JASON HILL

The first of a series of articles on gardening by the author of 'The Curious Gardener', with illustrations by John Nash. Future articles will deal with 'An Evening Garden', 'Old Friends Recalled', 'Rock Gardening Without Rocks', 'Something to Look at in Winter', and 'Much Remembered'

YOU might think that a good plant, once it had been put into commerce, would soon find its way into gardens; but there are many plants of acknowledged merit which, for some slight reason or for no reason at all, seldom get beyond the stock beds of the nurseryman. Those I have in mind are not of startling splendour; but they are easy to grow, readily procurable and they are admired at

and grooved in herring-bone pattern above, felted with pale brown beneath—form a low, dense mat in winter and rise up in June on jointed glaucous stems which, in late summer, break into showers of small, thimble-shaped flowers, white, flushed with pearl-pink and scented with hawthorn. It is rather impatient of drought, but tolerates shade, and no plant is more easily divided. It is a plant whose merit, apart from its willingness to flourish wherever London Pride will grow, does not lie in any single feature (though its flowers are the largest, I think, in the family), but in its striking design and subtle harmony of colours.

The first name of *Phygelius capensis* suggests a dingy weed and the second something tender from Africa, but the plant itself, though it comes from the Cape of Good Hope, is perfectly hardy and, so far from being dingy, the slender cornucopias that swing gracefully from its three foot flowering stems are orange red without and yellow within. These colours are not always easy to accommodate in the garden, partly because they do not go well with the slightly yellowish green that prevails in garden foliage, but the dark leaves of *Phygelius capensis* have a slight hint of metallic blue and they set off the flowers to perfection. The colour of the flowers varies in the wild from brick red to the orange scarlet, which, under the name *var. coccinea*, has displaced all others in the garden. In the open border *Phygelius capensis* forms a spreading clump, three or four feet high in the centre, which is either cut to the ground in winter or (more usually) makes low, woody stems. It is seen to best advantage if it is planted against a wall, where it will run up twelve or fifteen feet, and it should be placed, if possible, so that its flowers can be seen against the sky. It needs plenty of room, for its shortcoming is a tendency to sucker far and wide, and one's friends should be encouraged to help

Scented Raspberry (*Rubus odoratus*)

once by everyone who sees them, yet they remain much more common in catalogues than in gardens.

Family associations contribute, perhaps, to the comparative neglect of the first two plants in this category. The Willow Gentian (*Gentiana asclepiadea*) belongs to a race notoriously uncertain, coy and hard to please in the garden, but it asks only to be left alone in ordinary soil and it will increase in size and beauty for ever or for as long as its owner requires. There is a clump in the garden here, now about a foot across, which has been living for the last seven or eight years in heavy soil at the foot of a quickset hedge, and every year it sends up long arching wands, three feet or more high, set with pairs of violet-blue trumpets vandyked on the outside with panels of pale and dark purple. It comes from the subalpine woods and damp meadows, and in this country it likes a certain amount of shade or else a moist soil in full sun; it can be raised easily from its abundant seed, but it can scarcely bear to be divided. The colour is rather variable, and in a wood near what used to be the Wocheiner See, but has now suffered a Slav change and become the Bohinsko Jezero, it ranges from deep indigo and violet to clear sky blue, with here and there a plant bearing strangely mottled and striped flowers. A form with small and dingily slate-coloured flowers occurs in some parts of the Alps and occasionally in the seed bed, but this the judicious gardener will ignore.

The Polygonums, as a family, are horticulturally the opposite of the gentians, for it is usually difficult to stop them growing—*P. Sieboldii* will come spearing up through an asphalt pavement—and one is chary of admitting any plant of this name to the garden unless it is provided with a good reference; but anyone who has owned *Polygonum campanulatum* will recommend it, for, though it is no more difficult to grow than the rest of its family, it is shallow-rooted and spreads steadily without being rampant or insidious. The very handsome leaves—softly green

Cape Figwort (*Phygelius capensis*)

Drawings by John Nash

themselves freely to Irishman's cuttings from the outside of the clump.

Astrantia helleborifolia is not well known in gardens because under its name one generally receives *Astrantia major*, whose intricate and rather ghostly beauty does not appeal to every eye, while no one fails to be charmed by the true plant, with its flat rosettes of stiff triangular bracts surrounding a hemisphere of florets, all in Leander pink lightly suffused in the centre with the bright apple green which flames the white outer surface of the bracts. It comes from the damp alpine meadows and glades of the Caucasus, but it will grow as easily as the Ground Elder (which in leaf deceptively resembles it) in any soil that is not parched in summer, and it flowers well in shade. Those who have recently passed an examination in botany will recognise it as one of the *Umbelliferae*, but most of us will be gratefully surprised to find that a utilitarian and sometimes noxious family should produce such a handsome flowering plant.

A giant flowering raspberry may not instantly commend itself to the gardener; but *Rubus odoratus*, after a hundred and sixty years in our gardens, might, one would think, have prevailed against the coldness with which the family of brambles is commonly and not unnaturally regarded, for its flowers (about one and three-quarter inches in diameter) open in a rare shade of deep magenta-crimson, which is set off by a tassel of straw-coloured stamens, and fade into pale blackberries-and-cream. The flowers are produced continuously from June to October and their beauty is enhanced by the crimson fur which clothes the buds and young stems. The soft, pale green, vine-shaped leaves, which are sometimes five inches across, are useful for putting under dishes of fruit, though not their own, which in this country amounts to nothing but a few tart, scarlet little raspberries. The scent comes not from the flowers, but from the glandular hairs, which, on a warm day, diffuse a soft balsamic smell like that of the wild agrimony. *Rubus odoratus* will grow in any soil, in sun or shade, and spreads

steadily and compactly into a wide and weed-proof thicket of canes six or seven feet high. Its shortcoming is that the flowers are, perhaps, a trifle small for the size of the plant.

Rubus spectabilis, of rather lower stature and more branching growth than *R. odoratus*, comes near to it in merit, but its starry, carmine-pink flowers appear in March and are liable to be weather-beaten, so that they are best appreciated if the buds are allowed to open in the house, when the petals, each shaped like the ace of spades, spread wide to show the clear green sepals between them and make an elegant, formal design on the polished brown stems. It is so accommodating and easy to grow that it may, I think, be fairly regarded as a neglected plant, at least within the limits of an early flowering shrub for cutting.

The last plant in this list is *Hyacinthus amethystinus*, and there is no discoverable reason why it should be so generally ignored. It is a miniature wild hyacinth from the Spanish mountains, about six or eight inches high, hung gracefully with rather narrow bells in clear china-blue. It is quite easy to grow in any soil, but, unlike its relative the buxom *Scilla campanulata* and our native wild hyacinth, it prefers full sun to half shade. Nearly every bulb catalogue offers it cheaply, and one would have thought that its beautiful but quite misleading name would have tempted gardeners and led them to discover its real merits. There is, in fact, no amethystine violet in its flowers, and Sir Herbert Maxwell suggests that Linnaeus, whose epithets are usually as exact as they are vivid, must have named the plant from a dried specimen.

There are other (and some may say) better plants which might be placed in this category, and it is to be hoped that the brevity of the list may incite gardeners to think of other plants as unworthily neglected as *Gentiana asclepiadea*, *Polygonum campanulatum*, *Phygelius capensis*, *Astrantia helleborifolia*, *Rubus odoratus*, *Rubus spectabilis* and *Hyacinthus amethystinus*, and recommend them to their friends.

Handling Sheep on Open Ranges

Practical Sheep Farming. By Tom C. Norris. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

THE AVERAGE ENGLISH AGRICULTURIST may consider that this book should bear the title 'Practical Colonial Sheep Farming', since it deals with a system of managing sheep that is totally distinct from any of the numerous systems practised in this country. None the less it is a most readable book, for the author writes from his first-hand knowledge and experience of sheep management in Australia and South Africa. At the beginning of the preface he states, 'A person may have a very good knowledge of the points of sheep—but it does not naturally follow that he has a similar standard of knowledge as to how they are worked, for the latter is the result of an entirely different observation and experience'. Throughout the book it is the author's obvious intention to present to his readers a lucid account of how sheep are 'worked' under range conditions. There are chapters dealing with each of the important tasks, *e.g.*, mustering, drafting, lamb-marking, shearing, etc., that comprise the routine of sheep station management. Wherever possible the author emphasises the great need for handling flocks so that losses are safeguarded against, and labour is efficiently directed; but from his many allusions to inefficient labour it is clear that he has had much experience amongst 'station hands' who are more careless in their work than are the men found on farms in this country. So also does it appear that the sheep dogs encountered on sheep stations abroad are far less accomplished than those of Great Britain, for the author explains (in a chapter on 'Sheep dogs') that a good dog is either expert in 'yard work', *i.e.*, the control of sheep at close quarters, or else a 'field worker', used to gather and control sheep on open range. But our British shepherds expect their dogs, through careful training, to attain an all-round efficiency.

As Mr. Norris has had such extensive experience in highly important wool-exporting countries, it is not surprising to find not less than six chapters, representing about one-fifth of the entire book, are devoted to the shearing, handling, and marketing of wool. Truly it can be said that every wool producer in Great Britain would profit by reading these chapters, for our methods are, on the whole, both primitive and casual. One of the best chapters in the whole book is that devoted to 'Breeding'. In this chapter the author argues whole-heartedly in favour of in-breeding as the best means of securing uniformity in the flock. Quite rightly he condemns strongly what he terms 'vacillations in breeding policy', for such procedure prevents the attainment of a high standard of uniformity in any flock; the introduction of new blood should be undertaken with the greatest care when a flock has been graded up to a high standard of uniform excellence. And the author stresses the need for rigorous selection to be practised with the unswerving policy of in-breeding.

To criticise the book, one must comment on the fact that apart from the chapter on 'Sheep-Scab', references to diseases and ailments of sheep are very scanty. Certainly one would ex-

pect to find some allusion to the various forms of strongylosis, since a considerable amount of research has been carried out into parasitic worm diseases in Australia. Similarly with regard to disorders due to mineral deficiencies, no mention is made, although much valuable inquiry into this problem has been conducted in recent years. It is true that the author does refer to shortage of grazing and water as being problems that are commonly encountered, but one would have liked, as a reader, to have found a much fuller treatment of nutritional as well as of pathological problems. None the less the book cannot be recommended too strongly to those who intend to take up Colonial sheep farming as a career, and the sheep farmer in Great Britain will find the book vastly interesting, although the large scale methods of 'working' sheep described cannot be applied in this country for obvious reasons.

In the concluding chapter of the book are given the author's views on the present position and future prospects of the sheep farming industry. His summing-up is well worth quoting verbatim:

The growing needs of Europe and the older countries have been met during the last century by new supplies, derived from the sudden development of hitherto unexploited or undiscovered lands—but now no useful area of the earth's surface remains unexplored; consequently it is most unlikely that there can ever be any material increase in actual sheep numbers. Clothing and protection of the human body in the temperate and cool zones, which alone are suitable for habitation by the majority of the white races, will always necessitate a certain amount of wool, and for that reason there should always be a market for the main line in sheep production. Consequently I am not only an optimist as to the eventual and permanent merits of sheep breeding as a profitable sphere of industry, but I also think it will be one of the first really to show the way to prosperity once more from the slough of depression in which the world seems to be submerged at the present time.

Such then are the views of a man who has had an exceptional experience of sheep farming in the Southern Hemisphere.

J. F. N. THOMAS

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Pictorial Photographic Competition



The winning entry—'Boating on the Cam', by F. R. Winstone

Report on the First Week's Entries

THERE WAS a good batch of entries for the first week of the Competition. Most of our competitors seem to have realised what we are aiming at in stressing the word 'pictorial' photography, and there were no entries of the family-album snapshot type. Several of them, however, seemed insufficiently aware of the prime necessity of good composition, and some photographs which otherwise reached a high technical standard were spoilt by this—for instance, F. R. A. Armstrong's 'Circular Design', an arrangement of wheels and iron hoops that seemed to have no reason for starting or stopping where it did. On the other hand 'The Quarry', by Stanley Wyatt, showed an admirable sense of structure with its S-shaped curves of rails running diagonally across the photograph, but the contrast between its light and shade was not nearly sharp enough. A fine sense of different textures was shown in Thomas B. Waddicor's 'Heat Wave', a study of a girl in bathing dress, sun-hat and sweater, lying on a newspaper on the shingle, where the qualities of each substance—hair, wool, flesh, stone and paper—were well brought out. The winning entry, F. R. Winstone's 'Boating on the Cam', possesses, as our readers may judge for themselves from its reproduction on this page, several of these qualities desirable in a 'pictorial' photograph, in its good composition, its light and shade, and treatment of water.

* * *

We have had several queries from our readers about the conditions of the competition. The phrase 'the personal work of the entrant', means that the photograph must actually have been *taken* by the competitor but it need not have been developed and printed by him. Photographs may be of any size and printed on any type of paper; and they can be sent mounted or unmounted. The first announcement of the competition expressly stated that photographs were to be the work of amateurs: this is intended to exclude all who earn their living by photography.

Competition Rules

We are offering each week till the end of August a prize of *Five Guineas* for the best photograph submitted by an amateur. The purpose of the competition is to encourage the *pictorial* photograph. The winning photograph will be published in *THE LISTENER* in the week in which the prize is announced. The sum of *One Guinea* will be paid for any other competition photograph which may be published in *THE LISTENER*. The Editor reserves the right not to award the prize in any one week if the entries do not reach a high level, or to divide the prize between two or more competitors.

Competitors should note carefully the following conditions:

- (1) The prize of five guineas for the winning photograph, and any sums of one guinea which may be paid for other photographs published, will purchase the first British right of reproducing such photographs within a period of fifteen days.
- (2) Each photograph entered must be accompanied by a form cut from an issue of *THE LISTENER* stating that the photograph is the personal work of the entrant. This form will be published each week throughout the duration of the competition. Any number of photographs can be submitted, but each must be accompanied by an entrance form. (See page vii.)
- (3) No photograph may be entered for the competition which has previously been published elsewhere.
- (4) Photographic prints sent in will not be returned to the owners unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope of appropriate size.
- (5) The decision of the Editor is final, and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to his judgment.
- (6) Parcels or envelopes containing entries must be marked 'LISTENER Photographic Competition', and the Editor cannot accept responsibility for photographs lost in transit.

Entries reaching the office of *THE LISTENER* up to the first post on Saturday will be judged for the issue of *THE LISTENER* published eleven days later.

*The Listener's Music**Again the 'Proms'*

*The Promenade Concerts start on August 12
'August 12. Saturday. Grouse Shooting Begins'. CALENDAR*

IT was a matter for unfavourable comment that during the first few weeks of the Economic Conference London had no opera, and hardly an important concert: what kind of impression would the distinguished visitors take away? Could we complain if they were confirmed in the view already prevalent on the Continent as to England being a land without music (but with more than enough cinemas)?

The question of summer concerts has been raised more and more insistently during recent years, and the unfortunate coincidence of an influx of foreign visitors at a period of musical barrenness has made it one that ought to be tackled seriously by musical organisations. For during the early summer London is at home to all the world, and good music, both in the concert hall and *via* the microphone, is merely one of the amenities that a great city should provide for its guests. I may perhaps be allowed to offer some evidence on this point. As editor of a musical journal, I receive every spring enquiries from abroad as to musical attractions in London during the holiday season. The enquiries come not only from intending visitors, but from travel agencies and other organisations. This year there were also enquiries from the British Government Department whose business it was to provide for the hospitality and entertainment of the Conference visitors. The usual reply had to be given: the opera and concert seasons were over, and there would be little music worth hearing in London till the 'Proms' began, and in the Provinces until the Three Choirs Festival in September.

But most of London's summer visitors come, not from abroad, but from all parts of Britain, and in growing numbers as travelling becomes cheaper and quicker. Are we to suppose that there are few musicians among these thousands? On the contrary, surely; for the public interested in music is immensely larger than it was ten years ago. And if the 'Proms' can year after year, from August 12, pack Queen's Hall for nearly fifty week-nights on end, is it unreasonable to suppose that there are enough concert-goers to fill the Hall for at least one night weekly during July and part of August? The sharp division between the musical starvation of the summer and the plenitude that begins with the first 'Prom' is purely artificial. Is there a close season for music as for game? No doubt there are practical reasons why we may not shoot grouse until August 12, or play professional football before the last Saturday in August; but there is no reason for supposing that people with a liking for good music wish to drop one of their greatest pleasures from June till the second week in August. We wireless listeners have so much to thank the B.B.C. for that we don't like to appear ungrateful; but I am sure that many thousands of listeners have resented the poverty of the last few weeks' programmes on the musical side. Players and singers, it is true, need a holiday like other folk; but so many hundreds of them have had to take enforced holidays during recent years through lack of a job, that they would gladly work a bit of overtime; and there are so many excellent artists unemployed that there ought to be little difficulty in organising performances during the absence of the regular forces. These reflections are not irrelevant: they are prompted by the arrival of the 'Prom' programmes; and they represent what a growing number of the public feel on the question of music during the summer.

However, appetite being stimulated by abstinence, we musical listeners look forward to 'the Twelfth' with as much keenness as the slaughterers of grouse. The eight weeks' menu is before us; how does it compare with that of last year, and of the years before?

Inevitably there is little marked change: the 'Proms' hold their place in our affections mainly because they remain substantially the same from season to season. Restless critics sometimes tell us how they might be improved by sweeping alterations that may or may not be improvements, but which would certainly cost us the 'Proms'. For a Promenade concert is *sui generis*: change it into an immeasurably superior ordinary concert, and the particular glory has departed. The ordinary first-class orchestral concert has its innings later: the 'Prom' is a unique mixture of the musical club, the standing dish, and a national gallery of music; and to a considerable extent its audience has been brought into being by the differences between the 'Prom' and the ordinary concert.

This year the various 'nights' remain—with good reason, for there is much to be said for an arrangement under which, without hunting up the programme, one knows pretty well what the fare will be if one drops in. So Wagner has Mondays, Beethoven Fridays, and Bach, Brahms, Liszt, Tchaikovsky and Sibelius are given occasional evenings. There are also 'tandem' programmes of Bach-Handel, Haydn-Mozart, and Berlioz-Strauss: instructive occasions for those who have ears to hear. For there is a lesson in musical history and development in the differences between two pairs of great contemporaries such as Bach and Handel, Haydn and Mozart; and the inclusion in one programme of the *Symphonic Fantastique* of Berlioz, and 'Till Eulenspiegel' provides an excellent study in orchestration and large-scale programme music. There might well have been an Elgar evening; however, our Chief Musician has ten items in the programmes (including the *Second Symphony* conducted by himself), and 'Falstaff'—the latter a masterpiece that has yet to come fully into its own—in addition to the two brilliant Handel and Bach transcriptions (*Overture in D minor* and *Fugue in C minor*).

Novelties are few. Listeners who complain of this may be reminded that modern orchestral works are so exacting that the inclusion of a large number would entail an undue amount of rehearsal. The strain of eight weeks' 'non-stop' playing is enough—more than enough, some of us think: to add the increased burden of several 'first performances' a week would be unfair to players and hearers, and above all to composers. The new works are Goossens' 'Kaleidoscope'—presumably an arrangement of the set of pianoforte pieces bearing that title—(August 15); Honegger's *Symphonic Movement No. 3* (Sept. 16); Delius' *Idyll for Soprano, Baritone and Orchestra* (October 3); and a set of six Catalan Folk Songs for Soprano and Orchestra by Robert Gerhard (October 5).

Of quasi-novelties and modern works that are not yet familiar there is a considerable list. Such performances have a special importance, for the second, third (or even fourth) performances of a complicated modern work often matter more than the first, if only for the reason that the later performances are usually better. Among these works are Sibelius' *Tapiola*, Hindemith's *Philharmonic Concerto*, Constant Lambert's *Music for Orchestra*, Liszt's 'Faust' *Symphony*, Stravinsky's *Violin Concerto*, Bax's *Third Symphony*, Bliss' *Introduction and Allegro*, Goossens' *Rhythmic Dance*, Frank Bridge's *Dance Poem* (which has not been heard, I believe, since its performance before the War) and Sibelius' *Fifth Symphony*.

A change of policy that invites comment is the dropping of the 'British Composers' nights. There are good arguments for and against. To give entire programmes of contemporary British music may be good propaganda; but unfortunately it may also be read as an implication that living British composers cannot stand on their own feet like those of other countries. I fancy that the composers themselves would prefer to see their works judiciously distributed amongst the programmes, and not (as Dr. Vaughan Williams says) 'segregated'. Moreover, a British programme, although it draws the enthusiast, is apt to repel the indifferent. It is almost certain that modern British music, administered in small doses along with attractive miscellaneous works, will be heard by a greater number of average listeners. Over forty British works are thus distributed—a very fair proportion, surely.

The programmes as a whole will no doubt evoke the usual protests from extremists. Some will complain that there is not enough Hindemith and other Central Europeans; others will protest at the little that there is. But in music, as in other things, when we find the extreme Right and Left falling out, we may be sure that normal folk are coming into their own.

The stage is set, then, for what will no doubt be the usual vociferous success; and on August 12, just as the first-slain grouse are arriving by aeroplane for West End gourmets, the early Promenaders will be lining up in readiness to greet Sir Henry (with carnation) for the opening of the Thirty-ninth Season.

HARVEY GRACE

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed by its correspondents in these columns

B.B.C. Poetry Competition

The B.B.C. has concluded its interesting experiment of inviting short, unpublished poems. Nearly 11,000 (!) poems were sent in, of which 525 were submitted to the adjudicators, who have selected thirty. There is no hint as to how the 525 were chosen, but the figures are significant. Five per cent. represents a good average sample, taken at random, when one is dealing with mass production. Moreover, I know a contributor, who had realised from the start that the B.B.C. was in the position of Frankenstein, and as my friend has a nasty mind, trained to suspicion, he included a stamped addressed post-card, acknowledging safe receipt of his poems, with a request that it might be sent to him. That post-card had only to be thrown into the tray of letters for the post, but my friend never received it. I am entitled to draw a cynical inference.

I suspect that the B.B.C. curses the day when it embarked on this enterprise. It has excited, and bitterly disappointed, innumerable hopes, not only in the several thousand writers, but among their five or ten times as numerous relatives. There will be much angry vituperation and gnashing of teeth, and a deluge of furious letters to the B.B.C. when the chosen thirty poems are read out—and the lucky authors had better seek police protection or put on *robur et aes triplex*. And yet, if my friend was an 'also ran', if indeed he did run, which I have shown fairly good proof to doubt, and though we unknown poetasters are a conceited, disgruntled folk, I hold that we have no right at all to nurse a grudge against the B.B.C., and that the B.B.C. has played fair. It announced that it wanted certain wares for its programmes, and was willing to consider samples. It did not offer to dredge up gems of purest ray serene, from dark, unfathomed caves, or to crown some future Laureate. It simply asked for goods, and I do not think that it ever promised to go over every inch of the goods submitted. It is only very indirectly the blame of the B.B.C. that we thousands of poetasters dreamed dreams, which, as it turns out, came through the ivory gate. My sympathies go out now, as they did when the project was first announced, to the two adjudicators, *O dura messorum ilia!*

From a literary point of view, it might be unfortunate if the idea got abroad that the chosen 30 poems were selected from 11,000, and so represent the best poetry that England and the Empire can now produce. But if the 30 are the gems out of only one of twenty buckets, each containing 500 odd poems, the case would be different. But the chill censures of the adjudicators certainly seem to emulate the gentleman of Bengal who spoke of 'praising with faint damns', for the words 'many of which [the 525 poems read by the adjudicators] reached a certain standard, but it was not a high standard', are not very encouraging, even to the successful authors!

It is a pity that the B.B.C. flinched. To go honestly through the whole 11,000 poems would certainly have been a costly business, requiring 40 more judges. But, by the law of averages, it would have produced not 30, but 20 times 30 poems of merit and interest. It would have given us a truly remarkable anthology, a real contribution to the record of modern poetry. Naturally there could not have been a 'charge of the 600' across the ether, but the collected volume might have been financially profitable far beyond the cost of its production. It would, however, have mitigated only very slightly the wrath of the rejected.

London, S.W. 1. EDWARD VANDERMERE FLEMING
[Editorial reference to this letter will be found on page 121]

'A Glastonbury Romance'

I respect Mr. Edwin Muir above most fiction critics, and having just turned the last page of *A Glastonbury Romance* as THE LISTENER of July 12 came to hand, I read his review with great interest if less than agreement. He tells us that this whale of a book 'creates its own world; it has the self-subsistent quality of a work of imagination'. But I would like to ask Mr. Muir: Is any work of imagination in fact self-subsistent? Does not the value of such a work in fact depend absolutely upon the (real, not superficial) range and profundity of its specifically human reference? And I would like to ask Mr. Muir again: What and where is that reference in *A Glastonbury Romance*? Clearly he finds it, for he terms the book 'a sincerely religious vision of the world'—our world, not merely Mr. Powys'. But he does not define it. I wish he had, for I have looked for it in vain. I value *War and Peace*, for it tells me, with a power of perception infinitely greater than any I may ever hope for, of

a world and a humanity such as I discern all about me, and thereby deepens my understanding, my appreciation. I value *The Brothers Karamazov*, for therein I discover a dramatisation of the desires and creative potentialities of the human heart. These books tell of realities, casting them into significant pattern. But I am baffled to find either reality or significant pattern in Mr. Powys' story. It is not merely that almost all its characters belong to the case-books of psychologists—its Communists included—but they breathe an air as unreal and inconsistent as the author's own incredible cosmology. (It is no oversight when on page 80 he proffers a 'material' explanation of a 'supernatural' event!) Simply, I find lacking throughout this novel the normality of either everyday life or—which is the real point—the common aspirations of humanity. And again I would ask: Does this book in fact illuminate anything more widely human than Mr. Powys' own mind? If so, can Mr. Muir suggest where, how, in whom and what? Frankly, I think—above all in these days—1,174 pages need a degree of justification I have sought in vain either in the book itself or in Mr. Muir's otherwise admirably balanced review.

Much Hadham

GEOFFREY WEST

[We have sent Mr. West's letter to Mr. Muir, who replies:

'The issue between Mr. West and myself is really whether the book has any value at all, whether it "illuminates anything more widely human than Mr. Powys' own mind". To me it seems to do so, fitfully and uncertainly; and that is all I claim for it. The religious musings and struggles of Sam Dekker touch quite real and profound things (not always, for Mr. Powys is liable to fly off at any moment into psychological melodrama). And Mr. Geard, I still think, is a really impressive figure. There is little of the normality of everyday life in the book, I agree, nor is it very much concerned with the common aspirations of humanity; but the same could be said of *Crime and Punishment* or *The Possessed*, though I should never think of comparing Mr. Powys' powers with those of Dostoevsky. The only point I want to make is that this defect—or quality—has to be accepted in certain novels that proceed from a religious rather than a humanistic imagination. Mr. Powys' religion and Mr. Powys' vision are muddled, certainly; but they occasionally clear up and then one has a glimpse of a really original mind. In saying that the book had "the self-subsistent quality of a work of imagination" I merely meant that it set out to create a world imaginatively complete with all its relations worked out, instead of merely describing a section of life. This distinction, I am afraid, is a very rough-and-ready one, and would need to be defined far more accurately than I can try to do here; nevertheless, it seems to me real and important. One of Mr. Powys' worst mistakes, I think, was to make his world far too complete, and in the wrong way: hence his regrettable cosmogony. The book, indeed, is such an extraordinarily mixed one that I can sympathise with Mr. West's feelings. Still, I feel that he does not quite do justice to it']

Playgoing and the Public

I was saddened to hear Mr. St. John Ervine, whom we look up to as a supporter of drama as an art and not as a commercial venture, take, in his talk printed in your issue of July 5, the usual conventional view of managers, that good plays cannot be found. What the manager considers a good play is that with money in it, to use the business term. Of these there may be a scarcity, but we playgoers are not interested in that. On our side we want new plays showing us intelligent views of life, and we do not exact that they should all be of the quality of Sheridan. The long run has been the curse of the theatre as an intellectual affair. In countries where subsidies exist, the managers are free to put before their audiences a great variety of plays, giving satisfaction and gratification to those who want modern thought expressed in the theatre. My experience is only that of the Comédie Française, where there is no desire for a long run. The question is how to obtain the conditions in a country where subsidies are considered iniquitous. I know of a town of 60,000 inhabitants where a repertory company has provided a different play every week for thirty-five weeks in the past winter and spring; which shows, since the audiences were good, that there is amongst us a proportion of people with the theatre habit; and that we need not, except in London, where people seem to be different, be dependent for our drama on the commercial theatre.

Bexhill

G. E.

The Logic of Biologists

I fail to be convinced by the superiority of Professor McDougall's logic to mine. I stated that in certain processes of development we had found material agencies operating where previously all was mystery. It appears to me that, as a result of this discovery, our outlook on these processes cannot help being materialistic. It can certainly not be *less* materialistic, and I do not see how it can remain as unmaterialistic as it was previously.

The question of *cause* is a wholly different matter which would involve a basic discussion of scientific philosophy. Of course there is history behind an organism; but then so there is behind a river or a mountain. And for that majority of biologists who believe that natural selection has been the main guiding force in evolution, the evolutionary history of an organism is also chiefly mechanistic. Finally, why Professor McDougall has dragged my grandfather and his use of the term *epiphenomenal* into the discussion, I fail to see: to me it looks like a very red red herring!

King's College, London

J. S. HUXLEY

The Art of Picasso

Many of your readers who took exception to your encouragement of the scheme for presenting Picasso's 'Profile' to the Contemporary Art Society may have been hindered from considering this painting as a serious work of art by its isolated appearance, as it were, out of context. Theoretically it should be possible to judge every work of art on its own merits, but in practice this is often impossible, especially in the case of many contemporary paintings, an enjoyment of which demands the abandoning of certain preconceived ideas. The most convenient method of disposing of these ideas is not argument but history. It could be shown that this Picasso is not an isolated experiment *in vacuo* but the result of a perfectly gradual and logical development, quite as logical, say, as that leading from Masaccio to Michelangelo. As it is, the public has been presented with the conclusion of an elaborate argument with the earlier stages of which it is probably unfamiliar. And so, not unnaturally, it is puzzled.

To work out thoroughly the ancestry of this Picasso would require a long and fully illustrated article, but in it two main points would have to be made, namely, the gradual disappearance during the last hundred years of two important ideas. The first is that the merit of a painting depends on the quality of its subject matter; the second, that a painting is the exact imitation of nature.

Before the nineteenth century certain artists, such as Rembrandt, had produced great paintings out of the meanest subjects, but they were exceptional, and Courbet was the first to assert explicitly that there was no obligation for the painter to treat noble or elevated themes. The idea was developed by the Impressionists, who raised landscape to the first rank of the *genres* of painting (from which it had previously been banned, at any rate in France) and by Cézanne who found in a few apples on a plate material for the grandest compositions. The second important point in the recent development of painting was the realisation by painters that there were many works of art in which the imitation of nature was far from exact, such as archaic Greek statues, Byzantine mosaics or the frescoes of Giotto, and that exact imitation was not the primary aim of many artists of earlier times. To this Cézanne added the idea, based on the study of the Old Masters, particularly of Poussin, that great artists were often consciously very interested in the abstract qualities of composition and patterning. These two views led to gradual change of emphasis from imitation to abstract qualities, with the result that artists grew willing to distort the forms they were painting, sacrificing the lesser end of exact imitation to the greater end of design. This tendency reached its culmination in Cubism, a style in which the qualities of abstract design have almost ousted those of imitation. An historical survey on these lines should at least make it clear that Picasso is not joking.

Trinity College, Cambridge

ANTHONY BLUNT

I have read the letters concerning the Picasso painting with interest, and there are several points I would like to make. It seems that many of the difficulties centre round verbal ambiguities rather than aesthetics. There is, for example, the double use of the word 'beauty', in applying it both to natural objects and to works of art. If the word is restricted to that quality present in the world of nature, then it is quite meaningless to talk about a work of art as being beautiful. Indirectly, Mr. Piper's analogy between pictures and trees seemed to emphasise this confusion, and it appears in another correspondent's remark about improving the creations of God. Again, if there is a difference between the appearance of an object and of a picture based on it, is it really necessary to talk about distortion? For the word has an unpleasant bias which is hardly in keeping with the artist's purpose. Surely Mr. Piper did not really mean what he said concerning 'explanations' of works of art or clumps of trees. The case of trees is, of course, self-evident, but if the government decided to buy a set of factory chimneys for preservation I think that a demand for explanation would not be unnatural. Too much stress is laid at the present time on the

possibilities of unprepared artistic experience, for though it is enough for the appreciation of some works of art others demand a certain initiation. I can hardly imagine anyone appreciating Milton or Pope deeply without realising the existence of various assonances, dissonances, alliterations, internal rhymes and rhythmic effects; the 'Grosse Fugue' without any knowledge of sonata or fugal form; the 'Ring' without being intimate with the motifs. Nor is it remarkable that the most prominent of our own contributions to art are distinguished by their erudition and theoretical background ('The Waste Land', 'Wozzeck', Picasso's art, etc.). There is, of course, a very great difference between realising the existence of certain qualities in a picture or a sonata and appreciating them as artistic creations, but a knowledge of the thought underlying the artist's work does, I think, give the observer's mind something to grasp, making it easier for him to react to the aesthetic beauty of the work.

The painter is concerned with the creation of pictures which will give pleasure to the observer, satisfying his own impulse to create. The object to be painted forms the basis of the picture. The painter observes it carefully; the relations between the various shapes and surfaces soaks into his mind, and he begins to form mental images of the future picture. Sketches and studies may be made to strengthen these images, and to concentrate on certain aspects—the relations of lines, planes, masses, colour, and so on. It is these relations with which the artist is primarily concerned. Certain lines or masses seem to require emphasis, their position altering; certain details are considered irrelevant to the design, and gradually a unity is developed to which every stroke of the brush should contribute. The actual painting of the picture is the final step, though in general all the processes go on together, the painter considering the effect of each bit of colour as he puts it in. The extent to which change of appearance takes place will vary with different subjects and with different artists, but in all cases the aim should be a satisfying design. The appreciation of the picture depends on the ability of the observer to adopt the same mental attitude towards it as the painter had whilst painting it, and this is undoubtedly helped by the knowledge of any ideas which the artist has towards his work.

Manchester

S. T. HARRISON

John Piper suggests that as a beech tree, sunset, or Sir Malcolm Campbell's *Bluebird* requires no explanation, a picture such as 'Profile' requires no explanation either. But surely the reason why the beech tree, sunset or *Bluebird* requires no explanation is that it explains itself. The beech tree suggests life and growth, the sunset in the most beautiful manner tells us day is over, and the *Bluebird* looks the very soul of speed. It is not in any antagonistic spirit in which I ask for enlightenment on such a picture as 'Profile'. I feel that Pablo Picasso has something very important and vital to tell us in his pictures, but to me, his pictures fail to carry his message, and I am left groping in the dark, amongst all kinds of seemingly meaningless lines and shapes. I suggest that some modern artist should at least try to tell us what all these lines and shapes mean or express, or that a discussion should be arranged between such an artist and some other person who really wants to understand the message, if there is one, in such pictures as 'Profile'.

Edgbaston

HAROLD D. DAUNCEY

Industrial Art at Dorland Hall

Mr. Hussey seems indiscreet in attempting to dictate to designers: may I question the qualifications of his 'pretty stiff juries'? The furniture shown at Dorland Hall has to stand hard wear. Now, wood mellows with use: but on highly burnished metal every dent and scratch is a permanent eyesore. Why, then, did the committee include such poor design as the long table with polished chromium flats resting on the floor and liable to injury by every incautious foot? A similar objection applies to the Starkie-Gardner staircase illustrated in THE LISTENER: who is going to keep our young barbarians from sliding down those tempting handrails and kicking with their hoofs a pandemonium of jazz out of the rather papery side-stakes? There was too much of the tidy old maid about Dorland Hall, at least for my wicked world.

Visually the Committee seemed not sufficiently sensitive. With unaccented walls and squat furniture, floor and ceiling became dominant motifs and introduced a longitudinal distortion in vision: consequently things looked more than normally solid; at Dorland Hall women, for instance, appeared to be twice their actual thickness. And this distortion entailed a disconcerting side-effect: things seen 'in file' seemed to be unduly spun out: hence a woman's cheek-bones, her shoulders, elbows and knees stood out as if they were hat-pegs. Nothing quite like the Dorland Hall woman has been seen in the world before. The main fallacy of the Committee, however, was the belief that empty spaces are restful to the eye. This belief was incorrect. We cannot see blank walls as Vermeer did. The restless modern eye endeavours to analyse them into an infinitely subtle complex of colour-tone-values and is uneasy until it has discovered formal focal points. The best proof of this is the delightful success of Mr. Eric Gill's

incised work. Without that patterning the 'Sandstone Room' would be a Chamber of Horrors to live in, because the eye would be worried to death with its inapprehensible simplicity.

London, S.W.1

E. P. ALABASTER

Unit One

Many persons feel art, some understand it. Painters and sculptors may exercise unlimited licence without economic injury to the community. Architects build with other people's money, and do sometimes obtain commissions on merit. Private ownership of land need not adversely affect real architecture. Beautiful buildings and intellect to comprehend them are legion. Progress and development is the true law of the human race, and that some dare to be eccentric may be the great glory of our time. Architects on present data will hesitate to throw the rope after the bucket towards Mars.

Chelmsford

EDWARD McDONALD

Too Much Art?

Is not rather more space in THE LISTENER devoted to art than the importance of the subject deserves? Your artistic correspondents appear to have nothing but contempt for those whose taste or knowledge is more or less advanced than their own, and do not hesitate to say so. I have a suspicion, however, that the majority of your readers know little about art and care even less.

Bournemouth

J. C. S. MULES

'This Matter of Appreciation'

The editorial comment on poetry, coming fast upon the heels of Picasso, Matisse and Unit One must be goading outraged listeners into shutting their ears and thinking out this matter of appreciation for themselves. Most people prefer to dismiss the problem by deciding that it is a personal choice, but while, of course, the appreciation of any one poem is general only when its appeal is general, there are certain objections on the ground of form which may be applied to a poem on any subject. The 'prejudice against this so-called "modernist" poetry' is due to more than the three causes referred to. The real reason is the existence of 'modernist' poetry in quantities far exceeding the real stuff.

There are many minor poets—the works of some have appeared in these columns—who slavishly follow the structure and style of the pioneers and creative artists. Some of the imitators have achieved personal fame and occasionally have become so impregnated with their medium that they have produced poetry—but most have not. They are to be avoided as much as the stylists of other periods—the middle half of the eighteenth century, for example. This lazy evasion misleads, corrupts, and dismays the followers of every form of art and has rioted in architecture in the particular form of eclecticism for over two centuries.

If Lt.-Col. (it certainly does explain it) Lush imagines that all artists, from the year dot to the few 'rational-minded' people left today, have not distorted the Creator's handiwork, I should like to inform him that even photographers (proverbially not liars) have to distort negatives and prints to obtain a satisfactory conception of subject. I suppose he would not agree with that, in which case he had better restrict his incursions into art to a snapshot album or two.

Sidcup

RICHARD DAVIES

Public Schools and their O.T.C.

There is a letter in your issue of July 19 which begins as follows: 'Entirely do I fail to see how religion enters the question of Public Schools' O.T.C.s at all. A great number of military leaders have been known to be good Christians, so there seems to be no reason why Corps' members should not be good Christians too. There is a deal of difference in learning to shoot to kill as an individual and learning to shoot as a unit in an army'. It is signed 'A Present Member'. It does not say what of. If by any chance he is a member of any religious body and he discussed this question with his minister, might it not be helpful if the latter would point out to him that religion did enter even into so small a matter as learning to shoot foreigners even as a unit in an army?

Manchester

ANOTHER MEMBER (of the human race)

Relics of the Slave Tradition

As Sir John Harris reminded us, the task of the suppression of slavery is much wider than the abolition of a system of property ownership. It is one thing to end buying and selling human beings. It is another to treat them as free and possessing equal moral rights. One evil heritage from the traditions of slavery which persist today, even under the British flag, is the infliction of flogging as the punishment not only for serious and brutal crimes, but for the trivial offences which in this country would be visited with probation or a fine. During service in the East African campaign I was horrified and disgusted to see how frequently the non-combatant native porters and civilians were

laid out naked on the ground to be lashed with the hippo hide *kiboko*. The sort of offences for which this terrible penalty was awarded were often things like imaginary insolence to a white N.C.O. (who didn't understand the language) or failing to keep an impossible sort of cookhouse clean. It would be interesting to know how many natives were flogged in Kenya and Tanganyika last year—and for what. Surely it is time for this inhuman relic of the slave tradition to be abolished as it was long ago in our own army and navy.

Maldon

H. BREWER

Controversy and Credit

Mr. Bonamy Dobrée states succinctly the layman's case against the 'orthodox' economist. But is it true that economists support the policy of sabotage and all the rest? And does it necessarily follow because Major Douglas' diagnosis appears to agree with the everyday aspects of the crisis—aspects apparent to all—that his cure is indubitably the right one? In railing against the economist, the man-in-the-street is apt to forget that the economist's advice, especially in regard to the necessity of breaking down trade barriers, is generally rejected. The economist does not rule the world; that is not his function. But the politician who does the ruling has other factors to consider, and the economist's role is not always important except as a useful scapegoat. The cure for all our troubles would need to aim at the perfecting of mankind, and Social Credit or any other purely financial scheme could not do that, even if it were sound.

A word on the Social Credit argument. One of the essentials of credit is that it should be paid back. If repayment is not expected the issue must be in the nature of a gift or dole. The State, in distributing a National Dividend, unless it had control of all enterprise, would be distributing something it did not own. It follows therefore that the only way to the National Dividend is through the Socialist State. Is that the Social Credit reformers' aim?

Shoreham-by-Sea

E. N. GLADDEN

Mr. Nicholls, with his hypothetical instance of Farmer Brown pledging his farm for a bank loan, believes that this 'money-credit goes into circulation *via* Mr. Brown'. That is true, but this money was not created by the banker: it was already placed at the banker's disposal by the depositor. That this money returns into circulation arises not so much from the whim of the banker but rather from Mr. Brown's need of cash. Why does he need this cash? The answer is found not in the sphere of banking, but in the sphere of economics. Moreover, borrowers do not borrow from banks for the sake of doing so, but because they need ready money. The farmer may need it to pay his harvesters their weekly wages, himself having to wait some months before his crop is sold. Or if the farmer uses the loan in making payments by cheque the recipients may need to cash the cheques. These are facts which tend to prevent the banker from issuing loans in excess of his cash resources.

There is one final answer to the credit-creationists. During periods of trade depression, the banks, for reasons which need not be detailed here, are glutted with deposits, and there is a marked falling off in requests for bank loans. The present is no exception, as deposits in the 'Big Five' are not far short of £2,000 millions while loans to customers are considerably less than £1,000 millions. The chairman of Lloyd's Bank a few months ago was pointing out that 'the banker is inundated with money'; 'there is very nearly a complete absence of borrowers'; 'it is difficult for a banker to find people prepared to take advantage of the facilities a banker is glad to give'. If the banker cannot find a market for the credit which is already in his possession, how can the question of 'credit-creation' arise?

Mr. Alexander disagrees that loans granted on securities are only transferred and not created credit as securities are not cash, even to the point of realising them on the ground that flooding the market with these securities would lower their price almost to nil. One can only answer this point by asking for a concrete instance and then seeking the cause of the attempted realisation of the securities all at once. Given a run on a bank, however, it is not usual for the bank to attempt to realise all its securities at a greatly depreciated figure; it is usual and, generally speaking, safer for the bank to close its doors.

Mr. Alexander's application of the terms 'financial credit' and 'real credit' to certain economic forms makes confusion worse confounded, as these terms are inappropriate.

London, S.W.17

E. CARNELL

Perhaps some economists would throw light on the matters in debate by giving precise answers to these questions: (1) What is it precisely that the Bank of England parts with when it buys gold? (2) When a bank grants an overdraft (with or without security), whose buying power in money is increased and whose decreased? (3) When a joint-stock bank buys property or pays salaries, what precisely does it part with in goods or services?

Sheringham

HILDERIC COUSENS

Broadcast Poems

A further selection from the successful poems in the B.B.C. Poetry Competition, which have been recently read at the microphone

The Plain-Land

The broad grey plains which flow to meet the sky
Are hushed in whispers, like the level fall
Of one long note of music too drawn out,
Which with its listless and despairing call
Steals on the senses of the passer-by.

Vast, idle and intense they sadly sleep;
No dream disturbs that still, unruffled face;
The wind of death might blow upon the earth
But stir no echo in that deathly place,
And challenge not that more than mortal sleep.

There have they lain since Time was but a youth,
And grasped his sickle in a lean brown hand,
Eager to reap the harvest of the years,
And on the uplands took his early stand,
While Boaz watched amid the corn with Ruth.

The beacon flamed upon the mountain-side;
The sound of war ran up the pulsing hill;
Yet slept they in eternity of peace,
Calm in the thrall of some restraining will,
By some unwearied eye for ever spied.

No colour leapt to meet the shifting gaze;
No sun had dared to flush the land with flowers;
No tree relieved the awful symmetry;
The seasons passed unnoticed like the hours
Spun out and slowly lengthened into days.

And further stretched the plains into the west,
Like some enormous leaden-billowed sea,
Heaving and swelling on its shell-strewn bed,
Unconquered, dismal, melancholy, free,
Immutable and cursed, renewed and blessed.

R. S. DOWNHAM

Harvest

I must have thoughts to warm me, when I'm old.
The gorse's nutty-scented gold
I'll keep: and distant cries of sheep,
That vainly call from fold to fold.

The drone of bees in downland thyme and clover;
The shadow of the hawk that hovers over,
I'll keep: and that first startled leap
Of rabbits, scuttering to cover.

The stocky heather's full wine-coloured bells,
That stain the peewit-haunted fells,
I'll keep: and by lake water deep,
Dark pines, where man's lost quiet dwells.

Oh! I have riches in my store
For half a hundred winters more.

JANE LUCAS

December in St. James's

Frost-blackened ghost of golden rod
Bows its ragged head, defeated;
Leafless willow branches mourn
Their lost reflected tresses
In the cold, wind-ruffled water.
A tangled mass of twisted stems
Glitter in frosted loveliness
Where summer glory flamed
And fled.
Now wailing gulls swoop hungrily,
White wings outspread,
Circle, and glide to rest
On ice that's shadow thin.

D. ALLSOP

Aunt Hannah Beedie

She never could abide the sun;
On mellow afternoons she'd run,
Her brows locked in a jealous frown,
To drag her blinds and curtains down,
To screen each chink, lest some bright ray
Should kiss her carpet's hues away.

Life, to her, was a littered room;
A task for mop and whisk and broom,
A thing to scrape and scour and mend
From cockcrow to the daylight's end.

Plain easy folks looked on the spring,
And smiled at fruit trees blossoming.
She primped her lips in bitter lines
And rooted up the tender vines
And small, low-growing herbs that crept
Too near her tidy door, and swept
The leaf-scales from before her gate
With vicious strokes that spoke her hate.

She set no store by summer. There
Was drifting dust and heat to bear.
The autumn heard her rail and cry
At blown leaves and the rainy sky.
Winter, whose wild winds heaped the snow
Against her windows, saw her go
With strange high pattens on her feet,
Clearing a pathway to the street,
Suffering no whirling flake to come
Against the threshold of her home.

Very tidy a grave must be
With its small stone standing orderly.
Four straight walls that are bare and plain
Shut one in from the wind and rain,
Keep one safe from the driving dust,
From moths and mildew, mould and rust.
Naught of the prying sun can reach
Through the green roof to spoil and bleach;
Naught is to mend there, naught to break;
Naught is to do but to lie and take
All that earth owes of peace and rest,
The pale hands crossed on the quiet breast.

Very tidy.—No one had thought
That she who struggled and raged and fought
Against earth's ways, who could not bear
To see life gay and debonair,
Would fear so orderly a place,
Would, on her death-day, hide her face
And weep to know a straight-hewn lid
Must cover her over. But she did.

ADA M. JACKSON

Far in the Distance

Far in the distance pants a tired train
On a last journey homeward;
The tree that lonely guards the Essex lane
Lodges a wakeful owl.

Wide are my windows to the quiet night
And faint moon shadows fall
On curtain, floor and wall,
And silence seeps among the candle light.

But now I summon sound from a strange land;
The stillness quivers, breaks,
Creeps moonwards; while a swift and unknown hand
Through the dark air sends music.

Now further far the panting train from me,
Further the rise and fall
Of the owl's eerie call
Than that wild violin in Hungary.

EILEEN RUSSELL

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Elizabeth, Queen of England

By Milton Waldman. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

THIS IS A COMPETENT AND SENSIBLE, rather than a distinguished, book. Mr. Waldman has sought to give an account of Elizabeth's career as Queen, from her accession to the defeat of the Armada—a span of thirty years more decisive than any other such period in our history. As for his estimate of the Queen herself, he must be given credit for a common-sense, and on the whole convincing, judgment. But for a real biography satisfactory to moderns, we must wait for some-one to follow in Lytton Strachey's footsteps—for it is curious that so far no historian has got nearer than he to the mystery of that intricate character. On the crucial question of Elizabeth's private life, for example, where Strachey was so understanding, Mr. Waldman has almost certainly gone wrong. Of her relations with Leicester, he says in a hearty sort of way: 'There was nothing unnatural in Elizabeth satisfying her heart's needs on the man who pleased her beyond any of her acquaintance'. But Elizabeth was not Leicester's mistress, though she loved him: in that lay the full tragedy of her position. As Queen she could not marry him; and not to see that Elizabeth went unsatisfied, and expressed that lack in so many aspects of her behaviour, is a serious disqualification for her biographer. Strachey had a better intuition.

On the more public aspects of the reign, Mr. Waldman does better. But it is a pity that he has not been able to avoid the exaggeration so tempting to the amateur historian. All is painted black when Elizabeth mounts the throne; all is brilliant and prosperous when she descends into the grave in 1603. The Queen and Cecil knew better. The suffering and loss from the war with Spain had made them anxious for years to bring it to an end. A serious unemployment problem, sick and disabled men from the wars parading the streets, financial stringency and the prolonged drain of the Irish War, were the other side to the splendid, iridescent decline of that sun.

The Parochial Churches of Sir Christopher Wren. II The Tenth Volume of the Wren Society*

Wren built fifty-four churches in London. Each was a masterpiece and had some distinguishing feature to recommend it, a fine steeple, tower, interior, ceiling, organ-case, pulpit, altar piece and pews. Sometimes, as in the case of the now-destroyed St. Antholin's, Watling Street, a church had every feature made magnificent. Eighteen of his churches have been taken down already, two have been 'improved' out of recognition, St. Albans, Wood Street, and St. Michael's, Cornhill. Only their towers are wholly by Wren. St. Dunstan's-in-the-East has a pleasant 'Gothick' interior of early nineteenth-century date. That leaves thirty-three of his London churches still standing. All of these have been beautified by the Victorians in what they thought to be the Renaissance style, so that they bear a close resemblance inside to the Holborn Restaurant—notably St. Augustine's, Watling Street. Stained glass has been introduced where Wren never intended it, so that what carving and plaster work there is left, is shrouded in darkness. St. Mildred's, Bread Street, was the only interior left, in its complete seventeenth-century state. Since the War an appallingly ugly stained glass window takes away what little light the church had. In every Wren church, except four, the box pews have been cut down and the galleries removed so that the interior proportions are ruined, as at St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Since the War, St. Magnus the Martyr has lost its box pews. Everything that could be done to destroy Wren's work, travesty his style, and misinterpret the essentially Protestant character of his smaller buildings, has been done. Yet Wren survives. Today there are only four of his churches one can enter without a shudder. They are St. Bride's, Fleet Street, St. Mary-at-Hill (the Bishop of London condemned this church in 1919), Christ Church, Newgate Street, despite its pale green and pink stained glass, and St. Benet, Paul's Wharf. The last of these is resolutely kept locked nearly all the week.

How is it, then, that Wren has survived through Victorian destruction? It is not purely a matter of snobbery. 'This is by Wren, therefore it must be good!' The present reviewer was once told by a rector of St. Lawrence Jewry that the Victorian stained glass was 'the glory of my church'. Wren has survived on his use of proportion and on the brilliant way in which he coped with awkward sites. Stand in St. Anne and St. Agnes' Church, Gresham Street, and you will see how, by giving the effect of a flattened dome, Wren has succeeded in swelling out a small conventicle into the semblance of a large-proportioned church. Again and again he has done this. St. Mildred's, Bread Street, is the most notable example. That Wren's churches could be restored, not always at considerable cost, to their former

beauty, the pages of this tenth volume of the Wren Society show. So much excellent joinery, sculpture and plaster work survives and so many surprisingly beautiful details which one had not noticed before are shown in the 83 pages of illustrations, that almost abandoned hope revives.

Everybody interested in architecture should join the Wren Society. These well-produced volumes are the best testimony to his genius we can ever have, and this information, especially in the previous volume (Vol. IX), which deals with Wren's destroyed churches, is not easily come by. When the volumes go out of print and all the type is broken up, it will be too late for architect or dilettante to bewail.

Opium: The Journal of an Addict

By Jean Cocteau. Allen and Unwin. 5s.

Consult the catalogue of a library, the bibliographies of the subject, and you will find rows of entries under the head of 'Opium'. But they are works of pathology, of chemistry, of sociology, of moral condemnation and international action. To appreciate the qualities and value of this book, and, for that matter, to understand what the others postulate, the reader must lay aside the accepted social or moral values, and look directly at what M. Cocteau presents him with—an individual experience. It is clear that, like travel, or love, opium gives a man what he brings to it. It is not a specific; it is not calculable; it will not bring voluptuous dreams to X because it brought them to Y, nor give birth to qualities of mind or perception which did not exist in a man's normal state. It is clear also, that a distinction must be drawn between what M. Cocteau calls the 'false' and the 'real' smokers. The first are the 'fashionable' dabblers, to whom the drug is simply one of several, or who drift on from the pipe to the hypodermic syringe, from morphine to heroin. 'I am speaking of real smokers', says the author. 'Amateurs feel nothing, except dreams, and risk being nauseated for the efficacy of opium is the result of a bargain. If it enchants us we shall never give it up. To lecture an opium addict is like saying to Tristan: "Kill Isolde. You will feel much better afterwards".'

And M. Cocteau's journal, read with these guiding threads in the hand, tells a great deal about what Isolde, to him, was like, and how he killed her. It was written, or jotted down, during six months in a clinic at Saint-Cloud, where the writer underwent a treatment of disintoxication—a string of reflections, anecdotes, apothegms, memories, images, which should be read twice, once quickly, then slowly, if their cumulative effect is to be appreciated. It is a revelation not only of the psycho-physiology of this particular mode of self-escape or self-discovery, but of the poet and artist who offered his highly-organised and complex sensibility to the action of the drug; and although it may at first sight seem recondite, or even over-personal, it contains an extraordinary number and variety of stimulating and illuminating ideas. Quite apart from the 'clinical' interest of the document, the book should not be overlooked by anyone concerned with the literary or æsthetic currents which have flowed round or from M. Cocteau during the past fifteen years. The twenty-seven drawings by the author (the original French edition has more) should themselves be the subject of a review, although they are essentially an integral part of the book. Here it can only be said that they are, in the very strictest use of the tired word, unique.

The Golden Book of Italian Poetry

Chosen by Lauro De Bosis. O.U.P. 10s. 6d.

This lovely anthology of Italian poetry is evidence of the reviving interest in Italian letters in England. The compiler, a man of profound artistic feeling, was peculiarly fitted for his task. He was Lauro De Bosis, the young poet and airman who in October, 1931, flew over Rome without help or companions and scattered revolutionary pamphlets on the city. He never returned, and his fate is a mystery. Whether we agree with his politics or not, there is no question of his heroic and rare personality, and certainly not of his quality as poet and scholar. Moreover, he was the son of Adolfo De Bosis, the distinguished poet and scholar who devoted his excellent gifts and the best part of his life to translating Shelley. So poetry and scholarship were deep in his blood. Professor Trevelyan in an eloquent preface describes the character and fate of this young Italian, whose life, death and writings, as he says, are like a flash of beauty across the darkness of our time.

To lovers of Italian poetry this book is of high interest and value; it is the first Italian anthology we have had in England that is nearly satisfactory. We can only complain of a few omissions, many of them questions of personal taste, but some more serious. It was strange, for instance, to give nothing of the

*Issued only to subscribers. Annual subscription 21s., or composite subscription of 16 guineas for 20 volumes. Secretary, Arthur T. Bolton, F.R.I.B.A., Sir John Soane's Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2

'Satire' of Ariosto, and to omit altogether Giuseppe Giusti, the best satirical poet of the nineteenth century. On the other hand, it includes for the first time lyrical passages from the great epics, such as the 'Divina Commedia', the 'Orlando Furioso' and the 'Gerusalemme Liberata'. The supreme greatness of Dante is not in his sonnets, exquisite as they are, but in his mighty 'Commedia' with its miraculous splendour, its sternness and economy, and its touching intimacy, that comes from the heart and goes back to the heart. The same can be said of Ariosto with his 'Furioso', and of Tasso with his 'Gerusalemme'; the lyrical loveliness of these poets is in their epic works, which are here represented for the first time in an anthology of poetry.

Beginning with the 'Laudes Creatorum' of St. Francis of Assisi, we are taken through the whole course of Italian poetry from the fresh and delicate Sicilians of the thirteenth century to the Italians of the nineteenth. A valuable feature of the book is a sketch of Italian literature, by Lauro De Bosis. This immense subject is compressed into sixteen pages, yet somehow contrives to be lucid and alive, and to communicate the spirit of enthusiasm that informed its author. Lauro De Bosis has a touch of the vitality of De Sanctis, of whom he is evidently a disciple. He has added a Table of Contents analysing the different periods, most useful to the student. The volume is beautifully presented, with fine care and scholarship. If this *Golden Book* fails to find a ready sale it will be a sign that Italian studies have indeed decayed in England, as one or two defeatist critics have lately proclaimed.

Shareholders' Money. By H. B. Samuel. Pitman. 15s.

The learned author of this analysis of defects in the law under which English companies in general are incorporated has in mind, mainly if not exclusively, the legitimate claims of two closely allied classes—the claim of investors to be supplied with accurate and adequate information regarding the past record and the future prospects of any company which invites them to subscribe capital, and the claim of shareholders that the directors of their companies shall manage them in the interest of the general membership and not primarily with a view to their own advantage. Since the investing public is not the only party concerned in the consequences of joint-stock enterprise—there are also the interests of employees and of consumers to be considered—the view-point of this book is necessarily limited: but within its radius the analysis is trenchant and should be an eye-opener, if not to the battle-scarred veterans, at any rate to the raw recruits who swell the investing front every year in thousands, only to be decimated from the rear by the big guns of 'frenzied finance'.

To the wisdom of the author's proposals to strengthen the unprotected position of the amateur investor through a tightening up of the general law some doubt attaches. His draft Bill (p. 333) to amend the Companies Act of 1929 may commend itself to officials in the Board of Trade (since it would inevitably turn the Registrar's Office from a department with duties of an executive and statistical nature into one exercising a high degree of administrative discretion and control); but it will scarcely appeal to 'the City' which is jealous of its general reputation for honesty and disinterestedness. Nor, one is safe in saying, will Mr. Samuel's naïve faith in the efficacy of restrictive legislation commend itself to Mr. Justice Eve and his colleagues in the Chancery Division who probably know as much about the virtues and vices of Promoters and Directors as anyone in the country. If it seems cynical to say that nobody was ever made good or honest by legislation, it is not cynical to suggest that when investors lose their money in worthless companies, they have, in 99 cases out of a 100, their own rashness to blame for not taking expert opinion before risking their money. Gullibility is a disease or vice of which the cause cannot be attributed to, nor the cure administered by, legislation. The gambling instinct, the desire to get money for nothing (latent in every breast) is alone to blame. And, as long as people are free to invest their savings in any concern, good or bad, sound or crazy, so long will there continue to be failures, not untainted with fraud, in the sphere of corporate finance.

The Tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen. Vol. III

By Howard Carter. Cassell. 18s.

This is the third volume of Mr. Carter's record of the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen, and like the two earlier volumes it is profusely illustrated with photographs by Mr. Burton. There is so much of interest in the book that it is difficult to know which points to single out for comment. To the student of history Mr. Carter's reconstruction of this period is of great importance. He points out that the Amarna kings and queens were not grown men and women when they came to the throne, but were almost always children. Thus Akhenaten was married to Nefertiti at the age of ten; the young Smenkh-ka-Re, of whose shadowy figure only glimpses can be caught, was probably about the same age when he married Akhenaten's eldest daughter, Mert-Aten, when she was about nine. On the death of that childish royal couple Tut-ankh-Amen, then about nine,

married Ankh-es-en-pa-Aten, the eldest surviving princess, who was perhaps a year older than her child-husband. The quaint figure of Tut-ankh-Amen on plate vii of volume II shows the little king as a small fat boy, probably a portrait of him at the time of his marriage when he was first associated on the throne with his father-in-law. The beautiful statuette on plate xxiii of this volume is of Tut-ankh-Amen as a boy of thirteen on his accession as sole Pharaoh. The delicacy of the childish curves of the face are well rendered, and the dignity of the little figure—so overweighted with the heavy crown—shows Amarna art at its best. The iron tools found in the Innermost Treasury are of immense importance as showing that that metal was already in fairly common use. Mr. Carter's explanation of the looting of the tomb is peculiarly interesting. He points out that robbers must have broken in on two separate occasions. The first thieves were in search of gold, silver and bronze, and for these they ransacked all the likely receptacles in all four chambers of the tomb, but being in a hurry they missed many pieces and had no time to smash the sarcophagus and its surrounding shrines to reach the gold coffin. The second gang desired only the costly oils and perfumes which had been stored in alabaster jars in various parts of the tomb; the robbers came provided with leather bags or waterskins to hold the unguents which they emptied out of the stone containers. As the tombs were generally robbed within a short period after the burial suspicion falls on the undertakers as the instigators of such deeds, for it would be a cheap and easy method of keeping up their stock of the most expensive of their wares. These are only a few instances out of the wealth of interesting matter which Mr. Carter has recorded; he has given us not a mere record of dry facts, but has made the dry bones live. The facts are all there, and the method of presentation makes them extraordinarily interesting. That the photographs, which illustrate the book, are the work of Mr. H. Burton is a guarantee of their high quality. The swathed Anubis seen through the doorway against the dark crowded background of the Innermost Treasury is one of the most striking.

The Haunted Isles. By Alasdair Alpin MacGregor MacLehose. 7s. 6d.

Searching the Hebrides with a Camera

By Alasdair Alpin MacGregor. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

It is perhaps a sign of the growing interest in the Outer Hebrides amongst tourists that Mr. Alasdair Alpin MacGregor has for some years now regularly been producing what seem to be fairly successful books about these islands. Most of them are of the same kind—not novels or short stories, and not exactly travel books; they might be described as romantic guide books. It is clear, however, that Mr. MacGregor writes these books because he loves the islands for themselves, and he certainly knows a very great deal about them. There can hardly be a village in the whole length and breadth of them which he has not visited at one time or another. It is a pity, however, that his love for the islands, their inhabitants and the Celtic language has led him into a style of writing which reads like a forced and purely artificial attempt to delude the reader into the belief that the writer is a Gaelic speaker painfully translating his thought into English. This is not meant to imply that Mr. MacGregor has not the Gaelic himself; it is merely a statement of the impression which the style of these books invariably makes on certainly one reviewer. Here, for instance, is an extract from *The Haunted Isles*:

These words I indite at the time of the *Faoilteach* in the season of the storm days. And yet though the days be distraught with winds or dreich with impenetrable fogs, of nights the firmament is spangled with stars, a full moon swings high over the haunted isles, shedding a lustre of golden silver. Not without the Galaxy is the northern welkin; and merry merry are the nimble men dancing among the ice floes all through the hours of boreal darkness.

In the other book mentioned at the head of this review, however, Mr. MacGregor is possibly more successful. He is much more skilful with his camera than he is with his pen, and certainly some of the most beautiful photographs of the Hebrides yet produced are included in this volume. If for the illustrations alone, these books are worth taking with one upon any voyage to the Western Sea Coast of Scotland.

Back in the Return. By Huw Menai. Heinemann. 6s.

Mr. Menai is a self-educated Welsh miner. This literary disability may incline his readers to regard these verses more sympathetically than they should; for much as one may sympathise with Mr. Menai's effort to master a difficult medium, one cannot applaud most of the results. The special test of a miner-poet should be what he can make of his particular industrial experience; and here Mr. Menai is most disappointing. He is verbose, sententious and vague: a lay-preacher in verse. But he certainly has a lyric gift, and when he restricts himself to a concentrated vision of natural beauty he can strike the authentic note of a great English tradition. Mr. Menai should forget about being a miner and a social reformer and be content with his natural aptitude, for it is capable of a good deal of development.

New Novels

Frost in May. By Antonia White. Desmond Harmsworth. 7s. 6d.

Daughter to Philip. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

We Are Spoiled. By Phyllis Paul. Secker. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

THESE three books might have been intended as a demonstration of the importance of the treatment of subject-matter. Miss White has treated hers with conspicuous success, and consequently her book is easily the best of the three. Mrs. Kean Seymour, one feels, has relied on the intrinsic interest of her theme, which is a very good one, to achieve significance without bothering much about her treatment of it; while Miss Paul has depended almost entirely on the intensity of her original but fitful imagination. The consequence is that Miss White, choosing the most circumscribed subject of the three, has made something of far more value out of it than Mrs. Kean Seymour with a major theme which she has dealt with perfunctorily and Miss Paul with a tragic one from which she has struck a few brilliant flashes which dazzle one's eyes instead of illuminating the action.

Frost in May tells the story of Fernanda Grey's school life in the Convent of the Five Wounds from the time when she is nine until she is fourteen. The characters of the nuns, Nanda's relations with them and her school friends, the strict convent regimen, the occasional festivals, above all the unremitting, wise, austere, intolerable supervision to which all the girls are subjected: such things as these make up the story. The theme is severely circumscribed; even the emotions that are dealt with are artificially fostered ones, the emotions which the authority of their teachers and the elaborate ritual of their religion awaken in young girls shut off from the world; yet Miss White has described these feelings with such a fine sense of their wider implications that she makes us aware of a far more comprehensive drama of which the action is only a part. She does not take sides; she builds up by countless minute touches, many of them ambiguous in the sense that one can interpret them in more ways than one, a background which is not so much the Convent of the Five Wounds as Roman Catholicism itself. She does this with admirable justice, and the book is not in the least a tract against Roman Catholic schools as it has sometimes been misleadingly represented, but a disinterested recreation of experience. It is a very fine example of the kind of novel which sets out to treat a subject that is given rather than invented. A novel of this kind requires a continuous exercise of the imagination without attempting, like Mrs. Kean Seymour's book and Miss Paul's, to be a free creative expression of the imagination. It requires also an unusual and sometimes unnatural detachment in the author, which must not be achieved, however, at the expense of blunting his sensibility: in short it requires that the author should write about himself as if he were somebody else. These difficulties have probably never been overcome, and probably never will be, and part of the pleasure one gets from Miss White's book is caused by the astonishing degree of success she has achieved through the extremely happy combination of qualities she possesses. The sensitive balance she manages to maintain, the skill with which she selects the significant aspects of her theme, the equal skill of her finely modulated prose, are all beyond praise. Examples showing this combination of qualities could be picked out from almost every page, except the few at the end, which are the only serious blemish on the book. This description of Nanda's first communion gives a fair idea of the style and treatment:

Nanda tried to fix her attention on the mass, but she could not. She felt light-headed and empty, unable to pray or even to think. She stole a look at Léonie, whose pale, bent face was stiff and absorbed. She tried not to be conscious of the smell of Joan Appleyard's newly-washed hair above the lilies and the incense. Theresa Leighton's head was thrown back; she had closed her prayer-book and was gazing at the altar with a rapt, avid look, her mouth a little open. Nanda was horrified at her own detachment, she tried hard to concentrate on the great moment ahead of her, but her mind was blank. In a trance she heard the bell ring for the *Domine non sum dignus*, and heard the rustle as the others got up to go to the altar rails. In terror, she thought: 'I haven't made a proper preparation. I've been distracted the whole time, today of all days. Dare I go up with them?' But almost without knowing, her body had moved with the rest, and she was kneeling at the rails with the others, holding the embroidered cloth under her chin. Under her almost closed eyelids, she could see the pattern of the altar carpet, and the thin, round hosts, like honesty leaves, in the ciborium. The priest was opposite her now; she raised her head and shut her eyes tight. She felt the wafer touch her tongue and waited for some extraordinary revelation, for death even. But she felt nothing.

It is the justice and measure of writing such as this that makes it so delightful to read. I recommend the book without reserve.

Mrs. Kean Seymour has the gifts of a born novelist. She has a wide interest in human life, an alive and realistic intelligence, and the capacity to create character. But in the present book her

interest has fatally run away with her, leaving her other qualities behind, and *Daughter to Philip* is definitely inferior to its last predecessor. There are episodes in it which show what she is capable of, such as the description of the psychological murder at the beginning; but her interest in her characters is a somewhat dispersed and general one, and the result is that the reader too brings to them a somewhat cold attention; they are more like people of whom we have heard a great deal than people we actually know. Even 'Sharlie' the heroine, much as we are told about her, forces a realisation of her existence upon us more by long acquaintance than by revelation. It is unusual to object that a novel is too fecund in invention; yet that is the great fault of the present one. Mrs. Kean Seymour seems to have set herself to tell us everything about her characters instead of telling us what was essential, with the result that the essential is smothered beneath a mass of detail. Her admirable width of sympathy and understanding of life are apparent from the book; but they are not intense enough to fuse the subject-matter and keep it continuously alive; they are squandered instead of being concentrated. The author gives us a succession of scenes, incidents, monologues, all of which are natural and obviously true to life; yet they do not tell us enough about life. One has the almost continuous feeling that this time she has not carried her interest deep enough.

We Are Spoiled is a very strange and excessively romantic book. Yet it is clearly the work of a writer of original, though immature and fitful, imagination, and with one or two lapses it is extremely well written. All the characters in it except one are neurotic, perverted or incipiently insane. Jael Lingard the heroine has been corrupted, while still a child, by her queer and sinister guardian. Hallam Llewelyn, his son, is a degenerate and a dipsomaniac. Christian Cloud, who falls in love with Jael as a boy and later, when she goes to Paris, marries the one sane character in the book, the solid and respectable Barbara, is an almost negative figure who wakens out of his dreams only at the end, when he stabs himself with a dagger that Jael gave him as a parting gift. His sister Nancy also lives in her dreams, has a morbid thirst for men's admiration and a morbid aversion to any close intimacy with them, and finally goes out of her mind. Mr. Loria, her uncle, believes that the end of the world is at hand, and collects a company of the elect at the remote farm where he lives to await its coming. Yet if one can accept this extraordinary collection of human beings, one has to admit that Miss Paul's imagination operates upon them with considerable power and sometimes with great intensity. It has a quality a little akin to the imagination that created Heathcliff, and hardly anything of the one that produced Catherine Linton. A novel written about a whole community of Heathcliffs would obviously be too strong for anybody's taste, and *We Are Spoiled* is not that, for Miss Paul's monsters are much paler than Emily Brontë's. Yet her dream world is—if one can apply the term to such a thing—quite authentic and of a piece; it is imaginatively consistent. Now and then it becomes startlingly vivid. Hallam's eyes 'were so light that they had a manner of looking frightened and smiling in the acute whiteness of his face'. Nancy, tormented by secret guilt, finds herself in the town 'where things were lighted and stirring, and people moving about the streets smiled at one, so that suddenly one felt forgiven, a sense of guilt seemed small and at a safe distance, left behind in the dark to which it belonged'. Jael lived in a wood and 'often when she woke in the morning, rather late, she would lie for a long while with her eyes obstinately shut; and when she opened them there would be all the leaves shining in the heat and twisting slowly, as though they were heavy and made of metal'. These sudden intense glimpses of people and things recur again and again, and they could only have been evoked by a writer of original power. The book is not written entirely in this intense vein, for the comic portrait of Mr. Loria is extremely witty. But what most remarkably distinguishes the story is its strange and rarefied atmosphere, which is produced by Miss Paul's way of looking at the world and way of putting things, without the help of any deliberate art of mystification. More adequately conceived first novels may have appeared in recent years, but few, I imagine, of more original quality. Miss Paul's absurdities are obviously caused simply by immaturity, and one looks forward with confidence to her next novel.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *Panorama with Music*, by Grace E. Thompson (Cape, 8s. 6d.); and *A Prince of the Captivity*, by John Buchan (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)

Grant and Lee

Grant and Lee. A Study in Personality and Generalship. By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller
Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.

GENERAL FULLER'S LATEST BOOK is precisely what its title implies, a study of the generalship and personality of Ulysses S. Grant and of Robert E. Lee in parallel. As he has already devoted a volume to Grant, the interest of the present work is partly in the parallel itself and partly—perhaps chiefly—in the novel picture that he gives of Lee. General Fuller provides keys that unlock many doors. His approach to the problem seems to be primarily motivated by an intent to 'debunk'—inevitably so, since the Lee legend had acquired an almost unbreakable consistency, and his generalship had been treated as practically immune from criticism. It was time, therefore, that a cool, almost an unfriendly, eye should be turned upon it. And here is the interesting point—in proportion as the generalship is picked to pieces the leadership becomes more convincing, so that at last there emerges a Lee in whom one can believe.

According to General Fuller, Lee is, first and foremost and above all, the believer in God. He is a different sort of believer from the stern and direct Stonewall Jackson. In Lee, the finer mind and the more beautiful character, acceptance of the dispositions and decisions of Providence is almost, if not quite, fatalistic, and to it the author traces three marked characteristics of his captainship—first, the unbounded devotion of his men, made into martyr-stuff not by orders and discipline but by the personal example of the Saint Militant; secondly, the meek attitude that he adopted towards higher civil authority which (elective though it was) he endowed with a divine right; and lastly, his indifference to matters of practical army administration which, as General Fuller shows, caused a vast amount of needless hardship and handicapped still further the already overmatched South. It is an interesting view. Sometimes, one thinks, it is pressed a little too far. But, as above remarked, it unlocks too many doors hitherto closed to be regarded as fanciful.

The study of Grant is less strikingly original. For one thing, there has never been a Grant legend, as there were Lee and Jackson legends. His personality, too, is altogether more approachable than Lee's. He is, further, a 'modern', whereas Lee stands for an older world. There is no mystery about Grant, save one (not alluded to by the author); namely, the mystery of whether he drank or not. But this very mystery, looked at rightly, is significant. For, on the one hand, he made his way from

obscurity to the highest offices and responsibilities in spite of the fact that those who had the choosing of him, step by step, took his reputed 'habits' into account; while, on the other hand, he was capable of inspiring such passionate loyalty in his entourage that direct evidence on the point has been (until recently) entirely lacking. And, further, drinking was pretty universal in those days, and why, then, did it seem shocking in Grant's case in particular? There is only one conclusion possible. In spite of his 'likeness' to other people, his modesty, social unimportance and carelessness in externals, he must have imposed himself most powerfully, although (or may one say, because) unconsciously, upon equals and superiors. His relations with Halleck (not analysed in this book as carefully as they might have been) are significant in this regard, but the most direct proof is Lincoln's famous reply to those who would have had him dismiss Grant, 'I can't spare this man, he fights'. It was not for quiet tenacity, then, or rock-like reliability, or such-like qualities that he was retained, but for his dynamism. General Fuller, however, seems to regard him as a man of two personalities—as on the one hand an idealist citizen of child-like simplicity save at moments of crisis, and on the other a soldier of remorseless realism. Each of these characters is true as far as it goes, but there was an integrating factor somewhere in Grant, no less than in Lee. Perhaps if the writer had not given way a little to his personal preference, and had applied to the Union leader the same unhesitating probe as he applies to the Confederate, he would have found that factor. Not that his study is a mere panegyric—far from it—but when Lee is criticised, for instance, for misusing his cavalry on distant raids, while a similar operation by Grant—Sheridan's Richmond Raid, which probably prolonged the war nine months—is commended, we feel that the scales are being tipped, not merely unfairly (for one is entitled to one's heroes) but so as to mar the completeness of the picture.

The course of the war itself is dealt with briefly and on conventional lines. Some of the judgments expressed are equally conventional. But here and there, and not infrequently, flashes disclose the original and penetrating insight which is General Fuller's characteristic contribution to military science.

C. F. A.

The Wilberforce Centenary

(Continued from page 114)

following of the Cross to its triumph through whatever sacrifices might be needed. In his strong Evangelical faith he had the grounds of his conviction of the worth of every human being, which made it intolerable that one man should be the property of another. At first he was mainly stirred by indignation and sympathy at the cruelties of the slave trade and the nauseating horrors of the Atlantic passage. This was itself a Christian sentiment; but it soon rooted itself in the deeper ground of Christian principle. These hunted, oppressed, maltreated human beings were children of a heavenly Father and for them the Son of God had shed His blood. This turned their ill-treatment from a barbarity to a sacrilege. It was in the service of the slaves that Wilberforce fought the trade, but still more deeply it was in the service of God.

Moreover, the moral ascendancy which he won and by which at last he secured the success of his cause was due to the thoroughness with which he practised in his inner life the religion that upheld him. Hours of Bible-reading, of prayer, of meditation, were part of his routine, as his diary shows. He, and Fowell Buxton who took his place as leader in the struggle for abolition, were great practical Christians because they were deeply practising Christians. At least they themselves had no doubt whence they drew their strength.

We must not think of Wilberforce only as an abolitionist. He stands out as a noble example of the determination to apply the highest principles to public questions. As we look back we are bound to disagree with some of his judgments and to regret some of his methods. He had not the insight to understand the moral significance of the industrial revolution or the human problems to which it gave rise; and he tried in some respects to impose the code of a dying tradition on a new order of society struggling to maturity. But those are the mistakes that will be made by every man of moral courage. It is easy to let things drift. If we try to direct them our moral and intellectual limitations will involve us in some mistakes; and the greater a man's

influence, the more far-reaching will be the influence of his mistakes. Yet it is better for man to use his reason and make mistakes than to drift with the stream to the calamity that awaits all drifters. That nation will be greatest in beneficial influence which can breed most citizens endowed with the faith, courage and constancy of William Wilberforce.

Let the Man Go

Let the man go.
He has forgotten much,
Bending his mighty body under yoke.
The sunlight on the grass will make him laugh,
And as he walks across the field, he sings.
But watch him when his eyes are on the ships,
And mark the swelling muscles in his throat
When the great sails shake out and slowly fill.
As they swing under way, though he stands dumb,
His heart is throbbing like a native drum.

Let the man go.
He has forgiven much:
A ripe brown village smashed against its palms,
A proud dark nation sold from thievish keels,
Their manhood oozed away in stinking holds,
Africa bleeding from her ravished rivers
Nightly must draw him back to her in sleep,
To whisper how the panther, core of darkness,
Shapes dangerously in crouching jungle shadow,
To rip an alien flesh with secret steel.
Yet he is kind and gentle to our children,
And feeds with sweat the land that bore him woe
Let the man go.

M. W. KELLY